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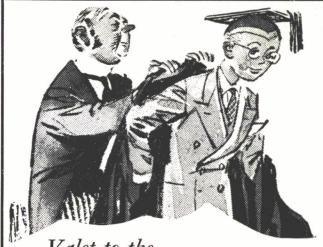
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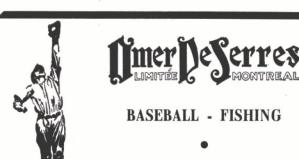
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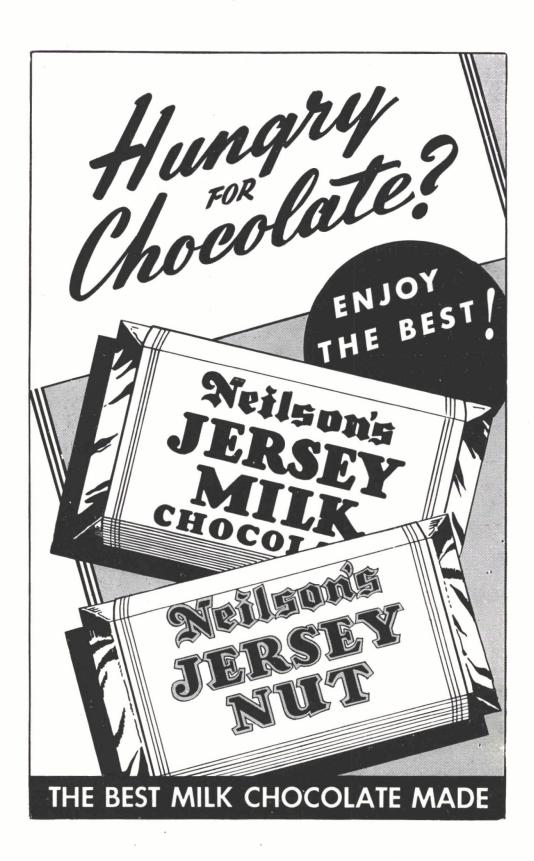
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Editor: Joseph Sullivan, '41

Associate Editors: Arthur Welbourne, '41, Lawrence Byrne, '42 John Doyle, '42, James Mell, '43, Richard Blanchfield, '44

1941

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THE REVEREND EDWARD M. BROWN, S.J.

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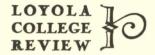
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EDITORIAL

Loyola continues to be blessed with excellent Rectors. The Our New Rector Loyola Faculty and Student-body were delighted to welcome Father Edward M. Brown, S.J., as their Rector last year. Father Brown is no stranger to Loyola, and former students will recall his teaching here as a scholastic. After many years of study in Canada and Europe, Father Brown comes to us with breadth of vision and with an understanding of the problems that beset higher Catholic education. In him we have an indefatigable Rector whose sole concern is the progress of Loyola, and a Catholic humanist whose chief aim is to educate for life. We feel confident that under the aegis of such a broad-minded, talented and competent Rector, Loyola will rank as one of the leading Catholic colleges in the New World. During the past year we have learned to know, respect and love our new Rector. During a year which had its peculiar difficulties, Father Brown showed a happy combination of a rare good sense, a high courage, a keen sense of humour, and a great willingness to co-operate with all the activities and desires of the student-body. The gratitude of the students in their college days is ordinarily inarticulate, hesitant, self-conscious, and stammering. The Review takes this opportunity to extend the corporate gratitude of all Loyola students, Alumni and friends to Father Rector. The best compliment we can pay Father Brown is to hope that he may be with us longer than the customary term of office.

Anniversaries In 1891 the calm placidity of the hopelessness of the inevitable, into which men had allowed themselves to fall, was ruffled by the clear stentorian tones of the Supreme Pontiff, His Holiness, Pope Leo XIII, by the publication of his now famous Encyclical entitled "On the Condition of the Working Classes". Forty years after, 1931, his worthy successor, Pope Pius XI, reaffirmed the principles of that Encyclical by the publication of an equally important document entitled "Reconstructing the Social Order".

This year, throughout the Catholic world, we are celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of the first Encyclical, and the tenth anniversary of the second Encyclical. Many changes have been wrought in the world since first Pope Leo spoke upon the condition of the working classes. Many have been the new governments that have come into power since that day, many, too, have been the new inventions to assist the workingman. But with these new inventions, with the latest methods of manufacture, there have remained, despite the warnings of that sane and farreaching Pontiff, the old and insidious abuses to which the labouring class has been heir. True, great and humane legislation has been passed to benefit the workingman; laws have been passed for the safeguarding of factory employees, etc., yet



withal, the lot of the working class has not been benefited materially. Leo XIII in his Encyclical clearly and boldly stated the social and economic evils that afflict every nation. The cure, he declared, could be found only in a practical application of the teachings of the Gospels. Pius XI showed how these principles applied to problems which had become pressing since the days of Leo. He urges the training of lay apostles for the mission of spreading the social teaching of the Church, and of aiding in applying them to actual conditions. He recalls that ALL are concerned and none are excepted; the aim is "to unite all in harmonious striving for the common good, when all sections of society have the intimate conviction that they are members of a single family and children of the same heavenly Father, and further, that they are 'one in Christ and everyone members one of another.' "May his wish be realized and may the anniversary of these great Encyclicals mark a renewed effort of Catholics, of the laity in particular, under authorized direction, to establish a Christian social order in Canada.

Alumni Successes Congratulations to the following who will be raised to the Holy Priesthood this summer: Rev. James R. Danaher, '37; Rev. Matthew D. Dubee, '36; Rev. Joseph Regnier, O.M.C., '36; Rev. William Connor, S.J., '29; Rev. Thomas McNamara, '37.

To Hon. Leon Mercier Gouin, '11, who was raised to the Senate; to Hon. Robert Laurier, '13, who was made Minister of Mines in the Ontario Government; to Col. George Vanier, '06, who was appointed to the Permanent Joint Defence Board for Canada and the United States; to Air Commodore G. Victor Walsh, O.B.E., '14, air officer commanding No. 3 Training Command, R.C.A.F.; to Hon. Charles G. Power, '07, Minister of National Defence for Air.

To the following who were highly successful in their studies at McGill: Brock Clarke, B.A. '39, who again led his year of Law; to Graeme Bailey, B.A. '34; Guy Joron, B.A. '36, Alphonse Verdicchio, B.A. '37, who gained their degree of M.D., C.M.; to James O. Kelly, '38, who won his degree in Chemical Engineering; to Victor Savage, '39, who won his degree in Mechanical Engineering; to Olegario Molina, H.S. '39, who led his year in Second Year Medicine at the University of Mexico; to Eugene Gavin, H.S. '39, who led his year in Freshman Arts at Fordham University.





"LOYOLA, AVE ATQUE VALE!"

By ARTHUR WELBOURNE

(Author's Note: One of my first Loyola activities was to write the following editorial for the then-mimeographed "News" (October 1st, 1937). It was my first impressions on entering Loyola. I take the liberty of reprinting it here with a companion piece I have written as a farewell toast to our glorious Alma Mater. Long may she reign!)

"On Entering Loyola for the First Time."

Your mind goes back, as you walk for the first time in these hallowed precincts here at Loyola, to those days when you were a little boy in Prep. School, when morning rode the sky and all the world was young, and you feel and know that you're standing at the threshold of a new and greater life, a life, a stewardship whose value will be equally shared between the book and the ball, the laboratory and gymnasium and the classroom and campus.

As you are held spell-bound by the majesty of the Retreat you feel that a base has been laid upon which you will build the imposing edifice of true, deep, and militant Catholicity, and you are reminded of those from the lips of the Great Teacher, "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and all else shall be added unto ye."

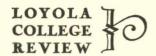
You thrill with that grand sense of camaraderie as a mighty Loyola cheer echoes up from some hundreds of throats and your ears ring, and your heart throbs as you attend your first "Pep Rally".

There is a responding echo in your eager young heart to the clarion call of the great duties that beckon towards you to buckle on the armor that girt you in all those boyish triumphs and victories,—shining faith, unbounded hope and flaming, fiery courage, and "to take up the torch" and going forth unafraid, to meet your problems and to conquer them.

As you read and hear of the fine deeds of former Loyola men, you are reminded that at present you are serving the squireship to that great knighthood of Catholic leadership, and that the accolade is your gown of graduation; your shield, the knowledge you acquire and your sword the sharpened mind of educated Catholic manhood.

You may rest assured as you enter upon the glamour and chivalry that is Loyola, and sense its sincerity and purpose, that under the guiding hand of Ignatius the soldier and through the intercession of Ignatius the Saint, victory will follow your standard. And as you think of the traditions of Loyola's cavalcade, there comes to your mind the sentiment expressed in the lines penned by that great dean of clean, true sport, Grantland Rice:

"And when the last Great Scorer comes
To write against your name,
He'll ask not if you won or lost
But how you played the game!"



"Vale, Loyola"

The years pass by so swiftly and we stand at Convocation's eve. The day we have looked forward to so eagerly for four years is now at hand, and yet it brings in its train a vague feeling of sadness and regret. The moment draws near when we must bid a reluctant "Adieu" to the Alma Mater that has been our pride and joy these many happy years. O happy college days that shall live on in Memory's future hour, you pass away so soon!

And he did not desert us, our Soldier-Saint, the great Ignatius. He was there to guide us and guard us and be our intercessor; and we are proud that the year of our graduation marks the Four Hundredth Anniversary of his founding of the great Society of Jesus.

We walk along the hallowed halls and relive old memories, the campus, classroom, stage and "lab" and Stadium, . . . all have their special ghosts for us. The breathless glory of the moment has passed, perhaps, but the happy memories, the associations, the friendships, these shall not pass away, these shall remain with us throughout life. We shall not forget. Our pulses shall quicken and our hearts take fire with the old fervour at remembered ancient glories. Time cannot take our victories from us, nor its passage the treasure of our friendships!

And yet there is a sweet sorrow about the parting of our ways. A sorrow tempered with the consoling knowledge that as Alumni we shall be privileged to continue on in the greater service of Loyola. "The glory of going on and still to be," as it were. For in whatever "corner of a foreign field" Fate may chance to place us, there shall be a part of Loyola, for we are a part of Loyola, and where we shall be, there shall Loyola be, too, for better or for worse. God grant that it shall never be the latter!

Then, Vale Loyola! Our pledge, each and all "May Loyola ever be as proud to be our Alma Mater as we are to be her Alumni." Gentlemen, Loyola!

Life

Men look on life with different-coloured eyes. To some the world's a garden, filled with sweet, Forbidden fruit, a sensual Paradise Where fools go self-denied, and wise men eat. To others 'tis a sea of boiling grief, Where shines no sun, and never sails draw breath, But storms sink hope, and sorrows' grinding reef Brings evil-fated souls despondent death. But to the man who knows his princely worth Life is a narrow, all-important span That links his own, unprepossessing birth To open-handed God's eternal plan. And death, a gloomy portal, opening wide, Discloses Heaven on the farther side.

JAMES MELL, '43.



The men signed of the Cross of God Go gaily in the dark.

THE BALLAD OF THE WHITE HORSE.

The dawning of this Fifth Jesuit Century is sunless, as sunless quite as that first on which St. Ignatius looked out to see a Europe groping pitifully in the dark of a sick and almost decaying Catholicism. Into a world where the light of truth gutters and flickers before the gusty blasts of age-old heretics rejuvenated, go the graduates, High School and College, of 1941. They will find it harder than did their fathers to achieve that temporal peace and prosperity which God intended as the natural milieu wherein His sons and daughters should work out an eternal destiny.

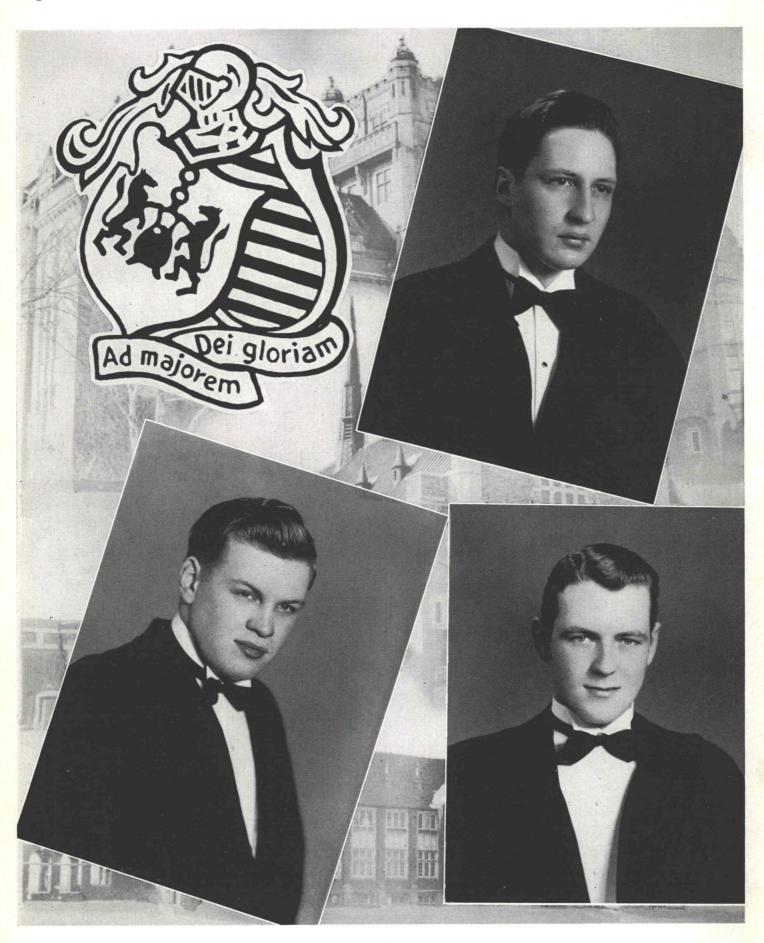
May Loyola's sons find inspiration, however, in the fact that their graduation coincides with the Four Hundredth birthday of the Company of Jesus, the Free Company of Ignatius of Loyola, who also in his day faced a crisis in Christian civilization, and patterned the society which stayed the rush of the forces of darkness. That pattern has been presented to every Loyola graduate, a way of life which, despite exterior difficulties, leads surely to truly successful and fundamentally happy living.



LEADERS

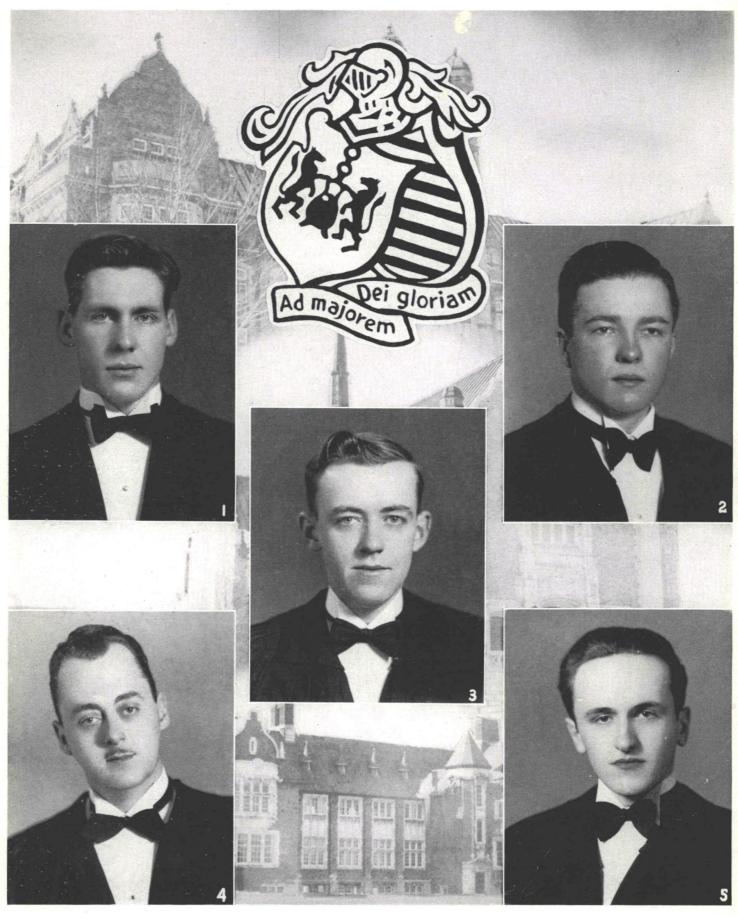
A remarkable quality in the character of St. Ignatius, himself neither scholar nor genius save in the science of the supernatural life—was his ability to draw to himself and through himself, to God and to the work of God, brilliant and saintly men whom he met in the Universities of Europe, and in the Eternal City. Francis Xavier the most promising young professor of the University of Paris, James Lainez and Alfonso Salmeron, the gifted Papal theologians of the Council of Trent, Peter Canisius, Apostle of Germany and Doctor of the Church, such were his children, under God, the work of his hands. And within the lifetime of the saint they had carried the fight against heresy across the face of Europe, on a score of fronts, theoretical and practical, besides gaining new empires to Christ in the distant mission fields. The first two Jesuit centuries saw such names as Borgia, Bellarmine, Suarez, de Lugo, Vasquez, Bourdaloue, Campion, de Brébeuf, and many others, men extraordinarily qualified as leaders in carrying on God's work. Nor is it different today. The graduates of 1941 here pay grateful tribute to those devoted men who have shown them the meaning of a fibrous integral Catholic life, who have set their footsteps in the way of Truth.





William Shore, Vice-President

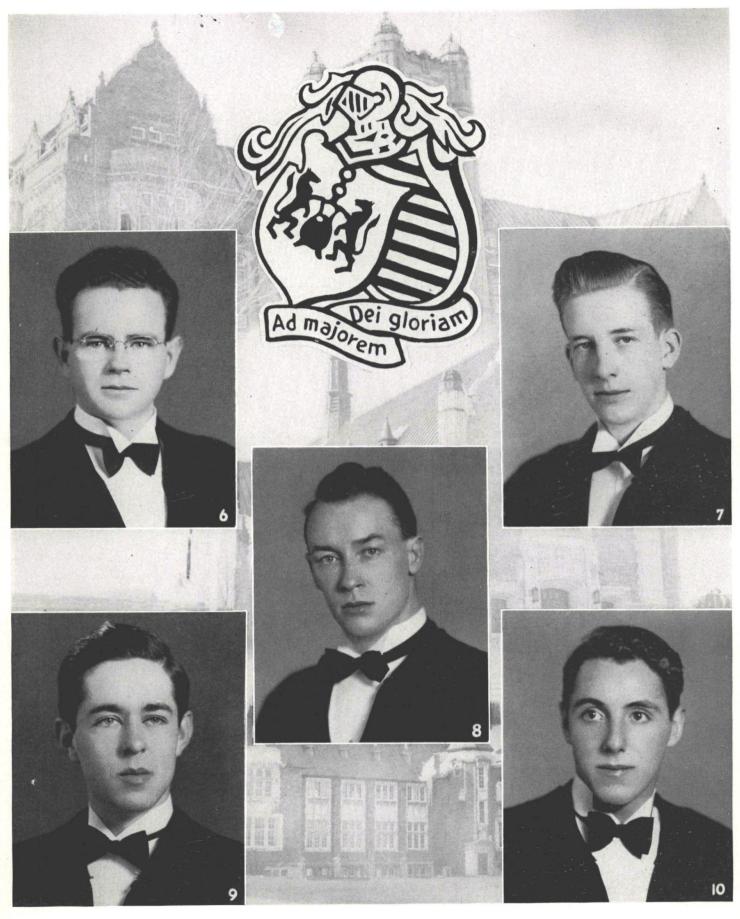
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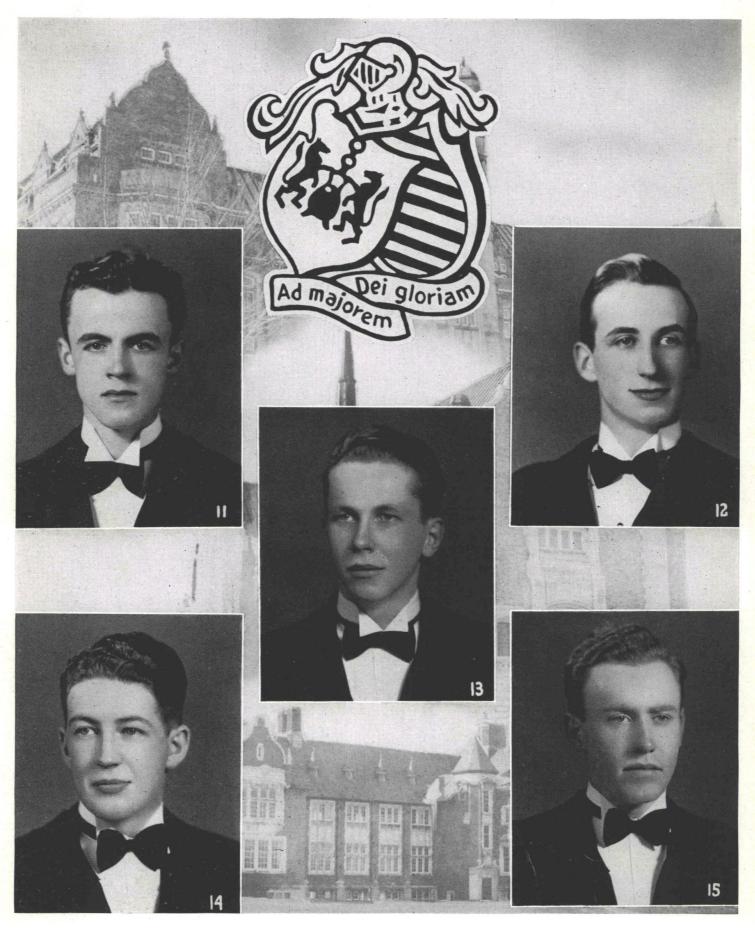
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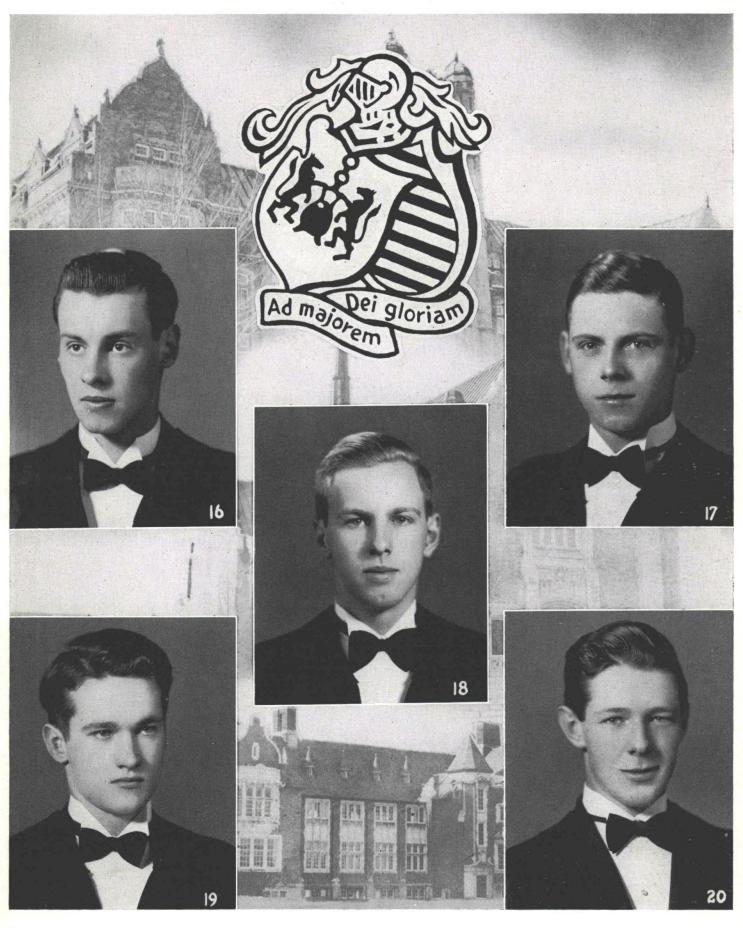
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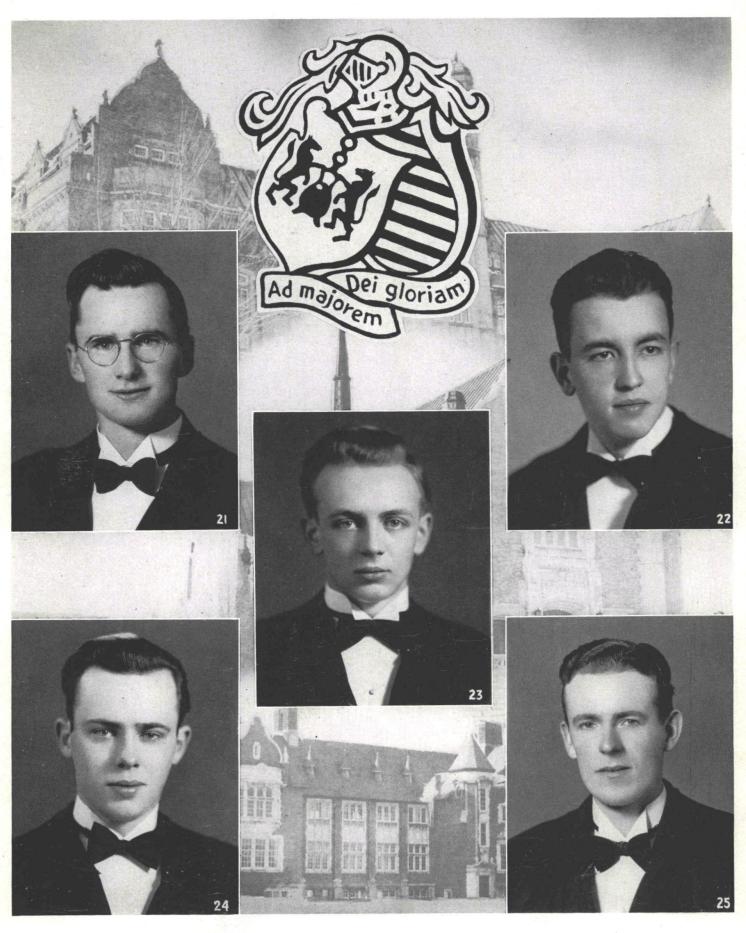
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Mark McKeown Arthur Welbourne

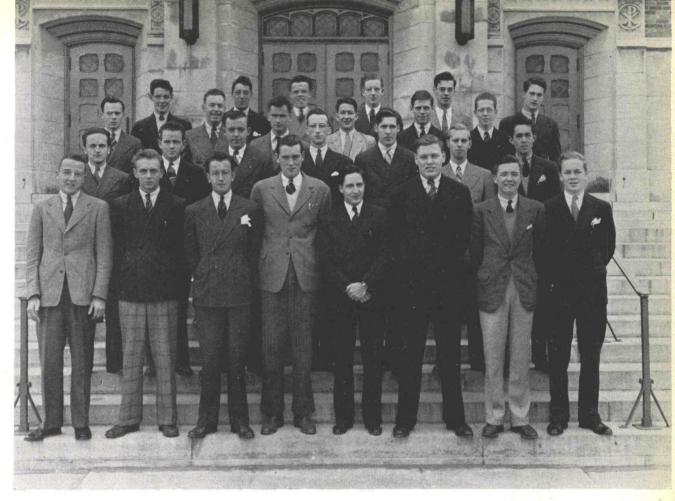
SENIORS

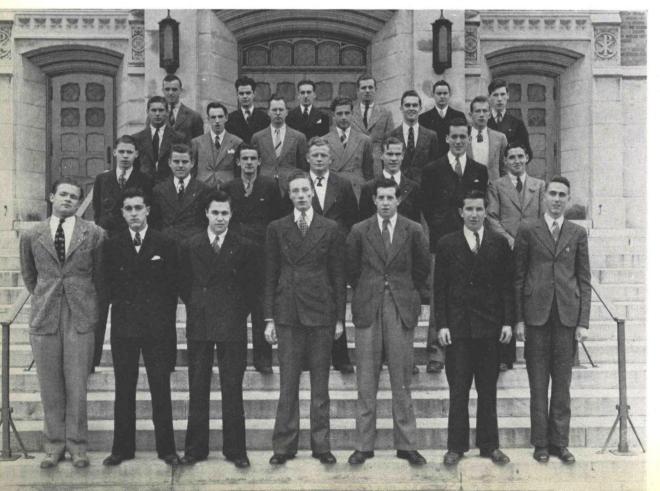
1st row: N. Burke, J. Sullivan, M. McKeown, F. Kaine, L. Cardin, W. Shore, J. Brayley, J. Chandler.

2nd row: A. Bessette, R. Campbell, P. Barrett, J. Gagnon, H. Allen, P. Moore, P. Desgroseilliers.

3rd row: T. Thompson, M. Kierans, M. Murphy, F. Hamill, V. Mitchell, E. Gendron.

4th row: G. Murphy, H. Fitzpatrick, L. Freeman, J. Costigan, P. Limoges, G. Mulcair.





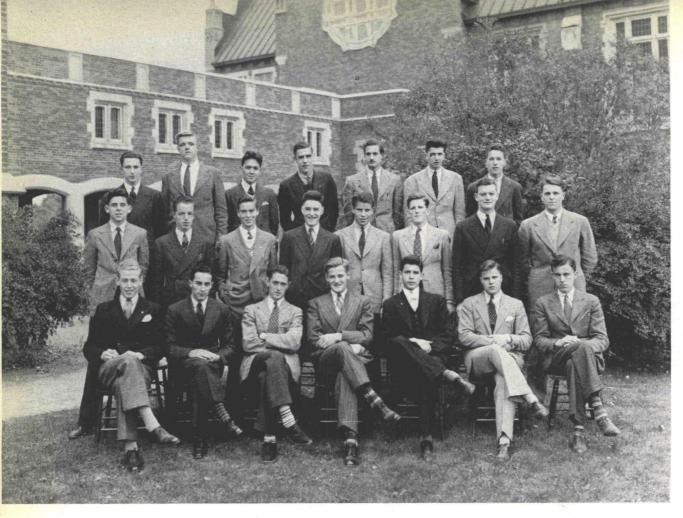
JUNIORS

1st row: R. Weldon, J. Gratton, J. DiGaspari, Vice-President, A. Mellor, President, R. MacDonald, Secretary, G. Duffey, F. Mercier.

2nd row: L. Byrne, H. Hebert, J. Gagné, R. Ryan, P. Kelly, D. Asselin, E. McKenna.

3rd row: I. Tomiuk, J. O'Heir, M. Murphy, L. Ferguson, T. McKenna, R. McGee.

4th row: H. Mahoney, M. Hebert, Y. Dufresne, R. Brousseau, J.-P. Cardinal, J. Doyle.



SOPHOMORE

Seated: H. Braceland, G. Massé, J. Warren, Vice-President, R. Brodrick, President, D. Sutherland, Secretary, W. Weldon, D. Polan.

2nd row: G. Turgeon, F. Monahan, C. Gribbin, G. Beaton, P. Paré, R. Joyce, K. Russell, C. Audet.

3rd row: H. Caplan, P. Carten, E. Saylor, J. Mell, G. Moro, R. Mc-Keogh, K. Mulcair.

FRESHMAN

Seated: J. MacDonell, M. Labelle, D. McDonald, J. Martin, G. Desjardins, Vice-President, H. Seasons, President, T. Davis, Secretary, F. Higgins, R. Meagher, R. Schultz.

2nd row: C. Melançon, B. Légaré, F. Fonseca, W. Asselin, R. Audet, P. Curran, W. Niesluchowski, G. McGlynn, T. Cavanagh, W. Glatzmayer, C. Lindsay, A. Sullivan, B. McQuillan, J. Colford, K. Kierans, J. McLaughlín, R. Blanchfield, R. Driscoll, G. Pooler.

3rd row: A. Larrea, E. O'Toole, J. McDougall, G. Byrne, R. Labelle, R. Curran, T. Glatzmayer, L. LaFlèche, R. Hayes, D. Firlotte.



Dramatics

T WAS on the evening of October the twenty-ninth that the Loyola Dramatic Society raised the curtain on its opening presentation of the 1940-41 season. From that evening onward, dramatics enjoyed a lengthy and busy stay at Loyola. It is evident, in reviewing the work of the past year, that great improvement in all phases of our dramatic work, has been accomplished. However, conscious as we are of the accomplishment, we are not ignorant of the short-comings of our many productions. As we have benefited during the past season from the mistakes of past years, so in the future we will remember the errors as well as the successes of the 1940-41 season which has so lately closed.

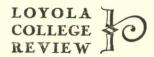
As we have mentioned, the season opened on October the 29th, when three one-act play were presented. Eugene O'Neill's "Where The Cross Is Made", was the opening production. Frank Kaine, as the tragic old sea captain, Bartlett, and Keith Russell as his son, Nat, were the key characters of the play, and on the strength of their performances the story sustained interest throughout. Gerald Kelly in the difficult part of Sue Bartlett and Art Welbourne as Dr. Higgins were efficient in lesser parts.

"Dress Reversal", the second offering of the evening reminded one of that old standby, "It'll Be All Right on the Night". This was a play in which performances were of necessity light and playful, and a slight tendency on the part of the participants to overact did not detract from its success. Dave Asselin, as the worried coach, gave the play a strong characterization. Pete Shaughnessy, and Jack Mc-Eachern, as a butler and a prompter respectively were the comedy headliners. Bob Meagher, Edgar Burns, and James O'Connor, a trio of unladylike ladies, and Harvey Seasons, Rod Dungan and Jack O'Brien as three rather odious gentlemen came through with good performances.

The last of the three plays, was "The Hiding Place" by Clemence Dane. As a tale of mystery and international intrigue, which failed to mystify quite as much as it might have, it introduced us to the gallant Captain Dallas, V.C., played by Frank Hamill. Hamill and Mark McKeown as a surprising taxi-driver, carried the main burden of the action. Dave Sutherland and Kev Kierans appeared as desperate foreign agents, and Frank Higgins, as the butler Kysh, made his Loyola debut and may well be typed for life.

On December the 8th, sodality night, two more one-act plays were produced. "Yes means No", a tale of the big business man's son, enacted by Paul Paré who was forced to answer "No" to everyone and everything for a period of fifteen minutes, was the opener. Paré's performance was well done, as were those of Bob Brodrick as his father, and Emmett McKenna as an exasperated industrialist. J. Vanier and Jimmy Fonseca, as secretary and love-interest respectively, performed well.

"The Case of Johnny Walker" followed as the second offering on Sodality Night. Bob Weldon, as the grafting head of a detective bureau and Bob Joyce, as



the well-to-do bloke from the other side as well as Greg. Driscoll as the unjustly accused prisoner gave this play vivid interest, and typed it as one of the best shorter productions of the year.

"Brother Orchid", the major production of the year was given on the evenings of April 22nd, and 23rd. An excellent script, careful direction, pleasing sets, and most of all, fine acting, assured success of the play. And indeed it was successful. The only fault that critics found in the production, was that the religious content of the monastery scenes was slightly strained and overworked. In noting this we must remember that "Brother Orchid" was written from the Catholic viewpoint, and that people of other beliefs are apt to lose something of the significance of these scenes, and hence find them uninteresting. To this reviewer's mind, the most interesting moments of the whole play, were those in which Little John Sarto, alias Brother Orchid, was struggling with the new faith that was finding his heart in the monastery of the Florantines. The whole story revolved around the character of Brother Orchid, and as the story was deep and moving so the portrayal of the leading figure, by Frank Hamill was equally so. Playing in a part that stood either to make or to break the whole production, Frank Hamill rendered as sincere and brilliant a performance as we have seen on the Auditorium stage. Dave Asselin as Abbot Jonquil, was excellent in the most exacting role of the evening. He lent to the portrayal the dignity and reserve that was a fitting background to the scenes of monastery life. Bill Shore, as the bar-tender, Fat Dutchy, was as natural as if he had stepped out from an East End Saloon. Brothers Nasturtium, Geranium and Hollyhock, were enacted by Bob Brodrick, Dave Sutherland and Kevin McKenna, and each in his similar yet different part was excellent. Guy Desjardins, as the excitable Dominic Battista of the waving hands, and wild moustache, performed with zest and vigour. Bob Weldon as Freckles, Charles Audet as the Gimp, master racketeer, and Jack McEachern as Solomon the man with indigestion, were all as desperate and cold-blooded as was required. Pete Shaughnessy, in the role of the silent, dead-shot, Dum-dum, was steady throughout and his performance in the final scene, when Dum-dum shoots Little John Sarto, was a highlight of the play. As the final curtain was rung down on "Brother Orchid" we all felt that the Dramatic Society had once again triumphed. Certainly it did not suffer by comparison with the productions of former years, and to those who remember such plays as "Yellow Jack" and "A Tale of Two Cities", this was as great a compliment as could be paid.

On May the 7th, the last production of the year, the "Jest of Hahalaba", was staged as Loyola's entry in the Catholic Drama Festival. Robert Joyce, in the leading part, as Sir Arthur Strangeways, as well as Frank Higgins as his butler, were at all times forceful and steady. Luis Larrabure in the more spectacular part of an Alchemist was impressive. The whole punch of the play, however, was contained in Charles Audet's characterization of Hahalaba, the Spirit of Laughter. Painted from head to foot, and shining with an eerie green glow, he gave to his part the necessary mysticism and stateliness.

It was with this production, therefore that the Loyola Dramatic Society wrote finis to the 1940-41 season, one in which many notable successes were attained. If the improvement is as great in future years, we need not worry for the success of future endeavours.



DOWN THE ALLEYS OF THE PAST

By ROBERT K. JOYCE

TON has been famed down the ages as the breeder of leaders. The phrase "the old school tie" has been intimately connected with that shrine of toppers and tails. It has been said that the Battle of Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton. From a military viewpoint this is of course absurd; however, it may well be asserted that the English public school caste has proved to be an aristocratic, somewhat high and mighty type of individual who was none the less a gentleman ideally fitted to hold the reins of government of such a tradition-taped empire as the British. Eton is the mecca of that system; it is the oldest, the most influential, though I hesitate to say the best, English public school. It has been the criterion, it has set the standard of education in the country. A man is either an Etonian, or just a man. Naturally the democratizing process the British are going through, largely thanks to that arch-enemy of democracy, Adolf Hitler, has and will continue to revolutionize such a caste-conscious system. Yet indubitably Eton and the other public schools will adapt themselves to the new way of life. They will, or they won't be.

It is therefore with a certain amount of pride that Beaumont, England's leading Catholic college, holds to the sub-title, The Catholic Eton. Here is a Jesuit operated college where the Ratio Studiorum and the old school tie have compromised and thrived together. The blending has proved eminently successful.

It may be of interest to note how Beaumont was journalized as the counterpart of the Protestant shrine of learning. It would appear that not long after the war, Beaumont (then a small though enthusiastic community somewhat in the same position as Loyola) challenged the almighty Etonians to a rugby football fixture. The headmaster of Eton in his best literary style wrote back to the effect, "What is this Beaumont?" Said reply being brought to the attention of the Rev. Fr. Rector, that clergyman, in a moment of blissful anger, coined the memorial phrase:

"Beaumont is what Eton was, a school for the sons of Catholic gentlemen."

And it is not ill-fitting that Beaumont should be thus noted, for if Eton lies within a stone's throw of the regal Windsor Castle, Beaumont is situated but a few short miles from that haunt of the merry wives, and its wide demense overlooks the shady beaches of Old Father Thames.

Under the patronage of St. Stanislas Kostka, the college has been prominent both in matters scholastic, and in the realm of sports, since its foundation in 1875. Starting off, in a small way, the former estate of British statesman, Warren Hastings, saw in that year a colossal group of would-be students, clamoring, panting, thirsting, in fact, for education. Twelve to be precise. Today Beaumont registers over 250.

The Royal regatta of Henley constitutes the end of a long and weary trail for every oarsman. It is the summit of achievement, the peak of his rowing career. To play at Lord's in London is the prime ambition of every cricketer. Beaumont is the only college that ever sent an eight to Henley and a cricket eleven to Lord's. But if cricket and rowing largely meet the eye, it is in the field of rugby football that



Beaumont is foremost. Beaumont rugger fifteens have long been noted for their tenacity and do-or-die spirit. Be it said, they seldom died.

Beaumont reckons many distinguished Englishmen among her Alumni, among whom is the designer of Oxford University's Bodleian library, God's latest gift to the literary world, to wit, George Gilbert Scott.

And Beaumont, too, has her Spaniards. Ralph Prado, formerly of Beaumont, and now attending Harvard U., is the son of Chile's president, or was the son of the president as this was going to press. The Spanish Ambassador in London, the Duke of Alba (a Francoite be it noted) is a past student. In point of fact it was a standing joke that Beaumont recognized the Franco government before his Britannic Majesty did.

And yet though this seat of learning (incidentally every college is allowed to call itself a seat of learning, though there have been cases where we would question the veracity of the title), is over 3,000 miles away from the metropolis of the North, yet it has much in common. It is notable that from Timbuctoo to Washington, from Nanking to New York, Jesuit colleges are much the same. There is a Dean, sometimes called a Prefect of Studies; a Prefect of Discipline, and of course a Rector. There is "jug", in the King's English "detention room"; there are ferulas, in the President's English "the strap". Things may have a different nomenclature (but then the English always did like their own way of saying things), still on the average the ropes run pretty well the same way.

One last point. "Aeterna non caduca", which is Latin for "The things of the next world rate heavier sugar than the things of this", happens to be the motto of both Loyola College, Montreal, and Beaumont College, Windsor.

Chamberlain

Wet wind and sullen rain-cloud, mud-clogged tree,
And soggy bush, bewail a joy that's fled.
The lonely sparrows leave their minstrelsy
And fall to mourning. Chamberlain is dead.
His grieving friends lament his passing, mourn
His sombre smile, his honest, gentle face.
All free men know, though broken and forlorn,
He ceased from life in triumph, not disgrace.
He gave his life to save a world from war,
Watched as his valiant efforts passed in vain,
Saw treasures spoiled, heard cannons roar,
And, nobly grieving, bowed beneath the strain.
'Tis better so! For in death's sweet release
He finds his goal, and heaven brings him peace.

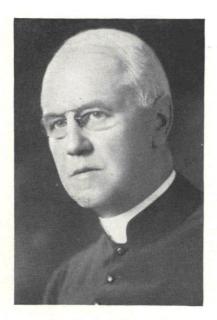
QUATERCENTENARY CELEBRATION AT LOYOLA



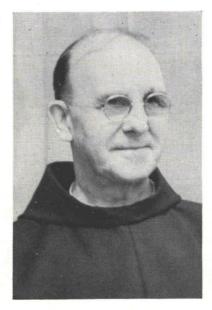
A Scene from the Pontifical High Mass



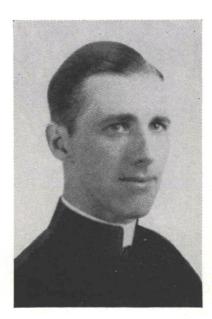
His Excellency Archbishop Joseph Charbonneau



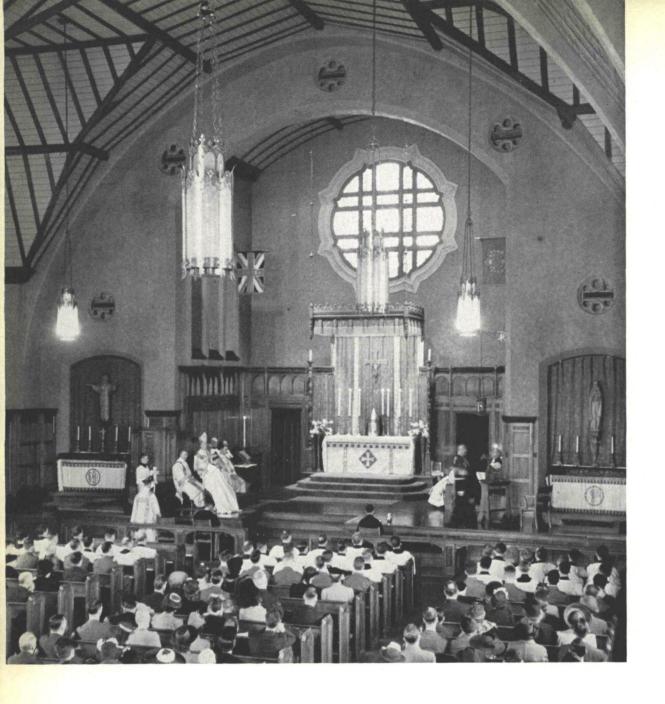
Rev. Fr. G. McShane, S.S.



Rev. Fr. Ethelbert, O.F.M.



Rev. Fr. J. Frederickson







FOURTH CENTENARY OF THE SOCIETY OF JESUS

Fourth Centenary of the Society of Jesus. A solemn triduum at Loyola commemorated the dawn of the fifth century of the work of the Jesuits. His Excellency the Most Reverend Joseph Charbonneau, Metropolitan of the Montreal Archdiocese, graciously inaugurated the ceremonies by singing a Pontifical High Mass at the throne on Sunday, April 20th. It was the first visit of His Grace to our College, and his charming simplicity and cordial geniality won the hearts of us all. Reverend Fr. Ethelbert, O.F.M., preached a splendid sermon, dwelling on St. Ignatius, his early years and his conversion, his fervour of spirit and genuineness of religious practice; the missionary spirit that was engendered, that was to grow and spread in the course of centuries, including our own Canada with its heroic martyrs; the approbation of many Popes, and especially of His Holiness Pius XII, who bids all to rejoice over the four hundred years of their services.

On Monday, April 21st, Mass was sung for the children of St. Ignatius Parish School. The celebrant was Rev. Fr. R. E. Kennedy, S.J., the pastor. The special speaker was Rev. Fr. John Frederickson, a graduate of Loyola and a former member of the parish. Simply and eloquently, he told them the story of St. Ignatius and his conversion, the many sacrifices he had to make to complete his education, the fact that he was the patron of the parish and of the school, and thus had a special care of the children who should honour St. Ignatius by their prayers and devotion.

The High Mass for the students of College and High School was celebrated on Tuesday, April 22nd. The celebrant was Very Rev. Fr. Thomas J. Mullally, S.J., Provincial, assisted by Rev. Frederick Noll, S.J., as deacon, and Rev. Fr. John Swain, S.J., as sub-deacon. A novel and highly pleasing addition to the ceremony was the presence of the Indian choir from Caughnawaga. This mixed choir, under the direction of Rev. Fr. Bernier, S.J., sang the Mass in their native Iroquois tongue, a privilege granted them by special indult from the Holy See. It is not often that we have been favoured in the college chapel by the singing of so talented a group, and it was fitting that one such occasion should be the Society's Fourth Centenary. The speaker on this day was Rev. Fr. Gerald McShane, S.S., pastor of St. Patrick's, Montreal. His stirring message pictured the Founder of the Society in his earlier years at Manresa fighting his victorious battle-he had conquered himself. The preacher took us in spirit to the many interesting places in Rome made holy by the life and labours of Ignatius and his companions. His phenomenal success was explained by his outstanding virtues of obedience, strict discipline as an educative force, the love of God as the only worthwhile motive in life, prayer, a deep humility and a tender love for our Blessed Lady. Fr. McShane urged his hearers to make use of one of the chief works of St. Ignatius, the Spiritual Exercises. A study of these in a closed retreat would make known to our boys and young men the Will of God in their regard. "There is no joy in life," said the speaker, "that compares with the satisfaction of work well done in the field of labour marked out for us by our Divine Lord.'

COLLEGE REVIEW

Monday's celebrations were brought to a close by a display unusual in extent, though not at all foreign to Jesuit colleges. A lengthy academic program was run through, calculated to give the audience some impression of the class work carried on throughout the College and High School courses. While we do not maintain that each item of the very full program was grasped completely by the audience, yet the purpose of the event was attained. No one who followed this display from beginning to end is likely to contend that students at Loyola are on perpetual holiday. Among the special guests present at a dinner and at the academic display was the College Club—a group of professional men, prominent in the city's financial, legal and medical circles. A dinner given by the Rector, Father Brown, on Tuesday evening to the Pastors, and another similar function on Wednesday evening at which the Assistants were guests, each followed by a dramatic entertainment in the College Auditorium, brought to a close the social events of the great anniversary.

QUATERCENTENARY

By BERNARD J. F. LONERGAN, S.J., '24

As a pilot raises or dips his 'plane or turns to right or left, so too does God rule. He is master of the hearts of men. Slowly, even suddenly, the pleasure or success on which one's heart is set might lose the blush of beauty, the promise of joy. Into one's will might pour a fire that only sanctity could assuage. What would you do?

It is a real problem, not to be solved as readily as those fancy who have never given it a thought. Take the case of Ignatius of Loyola. His dreams had been of feats at arms and bright-eyed praise. But his dreams were changed. Bugle clear through the silence of his soul rang the call of Christ to men, to be men enough to live for the kingdom of God. Ignatius could not resist the claims of the Crucified. Yet what precisely was he to do?

At first he leaped to all the outward, showy things. He left his home, his possessions, his hopes of a career. He gave his fine clothes to a beggar and put on sack-cloth. He lived in a cave, praying interminably, fasting to emaciation, scourging himself violently, and finding diversion only in performing menial tasks in the primitive public hospital of a nearby town. Still, where did this lead to? So he went a pauper pilgrim to Jerusalem and devoutly visited the scenes hallowed by the presence of our Lord. But when he revealed his intention to remain and work for the conversion of the Saracens, promptly he was bundled off on the first ship. What was he to do?

The question bothered him. Thousands in every age have been as generous as he. Few, if any, have had his capacity for reflection, for introspective analysis. God led him on, but he kept his eyes wide open. Ever alert, he studied his strange experience. He would ask why he felt now overjoyed and again dismayed, now



ready for anything and later overpowered merely by the thought of sticking his new life for a lifetime. These cyclic states of serenity and anguish, he observed, tabulated, compared. By dint of experiment—the terrific experiment of saying "yes" to every good impulse—he came to know practically the answers which theoretical theology and psychology together could hardly formulate.

Another thing struck him. Usually God gives his grace not by buckets but by drops. It comes into our souls, not a fully grown tree of sanctity but just a seed. It makes us thoughtful; seriously we utter a prayer; honestly we make a good resolution. But always there are the birds of the air, the rocks, the trodden wayside, the thorns. What came as a seed, remains merely a seed. It does not grow into a tree. Against this appalling waste Ignatius worked out a method of exploitation, a set of spiritual exercises, something for the soul like a coach for a football team. How much a team depends on its coach! But team-work with God's grace is an infinitely more delicate affair, and to teach such co-operation Ignatius planned and wrote out directions to be imparted in a thirty-day work-out (commonly misnamed a retreat). It is his masterpiece. The top-flight critics in this field—the popes—have never given any single book such repeated and such whole-hearted praise.

One thing leads to another. To put his ideas across, Ignatius had to get an education. He was well over thirty, but that did not impede him. Off he went, first to a Latin school at Barcelona, then to the universities of Alcala and Salamanca in which he did not get along with the inquisitors, and so finally for seven years to Paris. Of Paris he later affirmed that one learnt more there in one year than elsewhere in many. But as he was gathering in this human wisdom which competent masters can impart, he also gathered about him men. It was inevitable. He had something to give them. There was his room-mate from the sheep-cotes on Swiss mountain sides, who had kept his body pure and his soul in the high resolve to become, despite constricting poverty, a priest. There was the idol of an intellectual elite, Xavier of Navarre, who if contemptuous of piety also was afraid of debauchery; he knew where it ended. These and some others found in Ignatius that rare combination: an incredibly intimate knowledge of the human soul in all its self-deceptions and unsatisfied, explosive aspirations; and simultaneously they found in him a decisiveness that belongs, not to introspective dreamers, but to the world's practical men and, most of all, to captains who lead troops in mobile warfare.

Strange fellowship of students! Their talent might have placed them in the forefront of any enterprise. But an elderly undergraduate, a former officer, was the focus of their intimacy. His spiritual exercises proved a blood transfusion in their lives. Together before the dawn of our Lady's Assumption in 1534, seven of them went out towards high Montmartre and in the chapel of St. Denis vowed poverty and chastity and their purpose to give their lives to the service of God and their neighbour. By 1539 they had done great apostolic work and, to perpetuate their ideas and their spirit, they decided to found a new religious order. To this project Pope Paul III gave official approbation on September 27, 1540. It is the quatercentenary of this scholastic year.

What is, then, this Society of Jesus that came into existence four hundred years ago? Basically it is simply a matter of men: men from every social class; men labouring in every quarter of the globe; men devoted to a single cause, the service of Christ the King. But if you ask its special characteristics, these, I think, are three. They arise from the influence of Ignatius the soldier, the influence of Ignatius the ascetic, and the influence of Ignatius the student at Paris.

COLLEGE REVIEW

Most obvious to a soldier is the difference between veterans and recruits. No amount of make-believe can cover it. The Society attempts no make-believe. It gives men in its central corps seventeen years of intense training before admitting them permanently to its ranks.

Clear-cut to a soldier is the difference between officers and men. To bridge the abyss between paper schemes and concrete reality, training alone does not suffice. There must be cohesion, coordination, the supple direction of a tank brigade. The Jesuit lives to obey: not the wooden-headed obedience of which Foch said: "To take orders literally is murder, but the intelligent subordination and adaptiveness necessary to make group action possible."

Manifest to a soldier is the matter of strategy. Not every game is worth the candle. One must distinguish different objectives. One must select, sacrifice here and concentrate there: not everything can be done. Thus the activities of the nascent Society fell into three integrated fields. Outstanding was its work in pushing back the frontiers of heresy: you can draw a line across Europe through the Netherlands and Germany to the old Ottoman Empire; to this day, south of that line is Catholic and north of it the Protestant sects; Poland is a Catholic outpost beyond it, and Geneva a Calvinist centre within it; but roughly that is the watershed. Still the Society did not merely send men like Canisius to Germany, like Bobola to Poland, like Campion to England. It worked on the home front. It entered the vital field of education. It came to dominate in the secondary schools of Catholic Europe, turning out the audience if not all the writers of the Grand Siècle of French Literature. Simultaneously it poured into the mission field, the new lands of then recent discovery. Xavier rushed through the whole east, from Goa to Japan. More systematic work followed his exploration. Astronomers went to live in the court at Pekin to obtain free access for their fellows who taught Christ to the people. The culture of India was studied: some lived the lives of Brahmin ascetics while others were pariahs of the pariahs; and the famous Malabar rites tried to adapt Roman liturgy to the oriental milieu. In the Americas the problem was not adaptation to a culture but the creation of civilization. Of this the first condition was the segregation of the savages from the exploitation of traders and the violence of adventurers. Thus in Canada the great effort was made not rear the settlements at Quebec or Montreal but around distant Lake Huron; and the brilliant results such a method could achieve are revealed in the Paraguay Reductions, acclaimed even by agnostics as man's nearest approach to an ideal republic.

Plainly in all this the soldier's strategy yields place to the broad influence of university training. It had been at Paris that the rationalism of ancient Greece and the rude vitality of northern Christianity had clashed and then fused in the hands of Aquinas to the thunder-struck amazement of his day. The antinomy of faith and reason had been resolved, but two centuries later Constantinople fell and Byzantine scholarship moved westward to precipitate a new cultural crisis. Alcaic stanzas, Corinthian capitals and sinuous Platonic dialogue won a pagan day in the warm south. Against this humanism, conservative theology was bleakly negative. Still more reactionary, really, was Erasmus who would deny theologians the medieval achievement with its basis in Aristotle, while the revolutionary Luther, to whom reason was a slut and free will a fiction, rejected not merely humanism but with it humanity. Into this convulsion of western culture, as explosive and far more profound than the modern crisis of men and machines, came Ignatius' men from Paris. Their solution was concrete; they opened schools that were not merely

models of efficiency but as well educational syntheses combining and intertwining the triple cord of Europe's heritage: the Gospel, articulated thought, and balanced humanism. Our own stricken day, in which apostasy, sloppy economic speculation and mechanized barbarism are at last revealing their true nature, more than makes

manifest the wisdom of that educational programme.

But no less than in the educational field, the influence of university training appears in the transformation which the Society effected in the concept of the religious life. Three great movements had preceded it: the solitaries that once peopled the Egyptian desert; the monasteries organized in the east by St. Basil, in the west by St. Benedict; and the medieval friars of St. Dominic and St. Francis of Assisi. The Jesuits found it possible to strike out on still another line, the very modern line of organized action. That grasp of current history has made their rule directly or indirectly the model of innumerable congregations founded since. Most notably, it was their clean break with monastic ideals that opened the way for nuns to step beyond cloister walls, to teach school and conduct hospitals and go off on foreign missions. Today such a practice seems obvious. But four hundred years ago, as Mary Ward discovered, to suggest it was scandalous and to attempt it was to invite fools, that infinite chorus, to cry out in most righteous indignation.

Still the broadening influence of a great university, even of Paris, is far from accounting from Ignatius' achievement. Not only a student, not only a soldier, above all he was a master of asceticism. If there is any 'power and secret' of the Jesuits, it is his Spiritual Exercises, his method of coaching cooperation with the grace of God. They alone explain the Society's record of two doctors of the Church, twenty-four saints, one hundred and forty-one blessed, one hundred and forty-eight officially recognized martyrs, one hundred and eighty-five men revered with the title of venerable. They alone have enabled the Society to live and die and live again through wave upon wave of slander, confiscation, expulsion and persecution. They alone can infuse some measure of, some approximation to, a common way of thought and character, into the novices that enter today in Tokio and Melbourne, Madura and Madagascar, Warsaw and Berlin, Lyons and London, Bogota and Guelph. And if the Jesuits of the present succeed in making any contribution to the solution of present problems, then it will be, as in the past, because each man finds himself in a frame-work hoisting him to the level of his better self, the spiritual frame-work conceived by Ignatius.

The Modern Crusade

The eastern sun in morning splendour O'er bended forms cast awestruck rays; Aloft, the priest has raised man's Saviour As each crusader softly prays.

Drab khaki now replaces armour, But still the sands and Libyan bays Resound to the clash of battle thunder As tank fights tank in modern days.

In fierce revenge of someone's blunder,
'Mid silence through the glistening haze,

Is softly gliding freedom's fender: The troopship steaming o'er the waves.

The Faith . . . Oh! look how some have sent her!

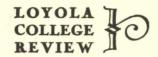
To north of us the land betrays,

(In Rome, fair Rome, of banner silver!)

Foul lust for rule and madman's craze.

'Tis left in England's hands to succour The Church's realm that trembling sways; 'Tis she who was the last to friend her That champion stands of all free gaze.

DAVID SUTHERLAND, '43.



The Spanish Cavalier

He cast away the martial cloak
For the garb of a greater Lord,
That those hands might hold a chalice
That had gripped a Spanish sword.

Forgotten is the chivalry,
The glory of the field.
Forgotten too the bugle's strain;
A memory, the sword's refrain.
He may not think of glorious Spain,
Or bitter foes who yield.

For the Spanish Knight had chosen His path of destiny. A road of humble, tragic days, Of sadness spread before his gaze. As he stood at the parting of the ways He thought of Calvary.

He must march with a newer army Against a stranger world. Against a world that loves no more, But hates the God it should adore. To conquer or to die, he swore By the flag of Christ unfurled.

The legion of the Knight marched out
Like a wind-swept ocean wave.
A black-robed legion of the Lord,
That fought, and died, and yet adored,
And martyred lay, while red blood poured
From the hearts of the Legion's brave.

He stood at the head of his legionnaires, This Spanish Cavalier, A soldier, tender as a dove, Making the sacrifice of love; A man who feared his God above, And knew no other fear.

Then the eyes of the Spanish Knight grew old, And the great heart took its rest. But the Spanish Knight with his soldiery Still marched against the enemy, As he led his men so tenderly From the Haven of the Blest.

He has marched with his soldiers of the Faith Through these long four hundred years, And the path is stained with martyrs' blood And washed with martyrs' tears.

When Xavier touched the Hindu shore
He felt a presence there.
For the savage gods were put to flight
By the flashing sword of the Spanish Knight,
That Xavier thrust with Christian might
Into the heathen lair.

The Spanish Knight strides on and on In sweet serenity. And new men march where old men fell, And the spirits shake in the depths of Hell, As the Knight strides on like an ocean swell That rolls eternally.

Blood of his martyred legionnaires
Poured over every land.
A Golgotha of martyrdom;
And still the holy cohorts come,
To plant the Cross of Christendom
That will forever stand.

What saints have marched with thee, O Knight!
What hallowed memories,
Of men who left a world behind
For sweetly bitter vows that bind,
And foreign lands, that they might find—
The keys to the mysteries!

What have they found in marching
With the Spanish Cavalier?
A thorny path of misery?
A newer road in Galilee,
Where one is never, never free
But God is ever there.

His Legion moves incessantly
Like a bird in stormy flight!
Though days be foul or days be fair
His Legion labours everywhere,
The cohorts of the Cavalier,
Of Ignatius the Spanish Knight.

For Ignatius, the Spanish Knight, is here As he was so long ago. Though his frame is gone, his soul lives on And marches against the foe.

JOHN MACDONELL, '44.

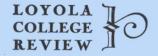
Read by Francis Higgins, at the ACADEMIC EVENING, Loyola College, April 21, 1941, in honour of the Four Hundredth Anniversary of the founding of the Society of Jesus.



He must march with a newer army
Against a stranger world,
Against a world that loves no more,
But hates the God it should adore,
To conquer or to die he swore
By the flag of Christ unfurled.

THE SPANISH CAVALIER
JOHN MacDonell, Loyola '44

With new eyes lighted by the light of faith, after wounds received in the suicide defence of Pamplona, Ignatius of Loyola looked out on a world in which love of God and a spirit of obedience to His Holy Law and His Vicar on earth seemed to have all but vanished from the face of Europe. A romantic to the core and a soldier to his finger-tips, the man who had aspired to win the love of a queen, to emulate the military exploits of the Cid or the heroes of the Amadis de Gaul, set himself to the formation of a flying squadron of cuirassiers of Christ, mobile shock troops ready to meet the foe on any field in whatever guise, men whose weapon of offence was a flaming love of God, of defence, a soldier's disciplined obedience to authority, a soldier's disciplined devotion to duty. Love of God and honourable obedience to authority were the lessons he imparted to his sons in a day when the Renaissance love of worldly beauty had flowered into corruption, when obedience to another was deemed degradation and self-destruction. Love of God and honourable obedience to authority are still the lessons of his sons, in our own day when intolerant totalitarianism preaches racial and national hatreds, and the necessity of a blind and slavish obedience to an irresponsible and Godhating state. This too the lesson that students of Jesuit Schools will learn,—that One is Good, and Lovable, God, and in the free and loving service of God, the menial is a king.



Forgotten is the chivalry,
The glory of the field.
Forgotten too the bugle's strain;
A memory, the sword's refrain,
He may not think of glorious Spain,
Or bitter foes who yield.

For the Spanish knight has chosen
His path of destiny.

A road of humble, tragic days,
Of sadness spread before his gaze.

As he stood at the parting of the ways,
He thought of Calvary.

EQUIPMENT

School days, both College and High School, have been a splendid training ground for the graduates of 1941, who step into a world of clamour and chaos. They have received not only excellent academic instruction, but a formation which was designed to develop character and will as well. Student organizations, dramatic, literary, scientific, athletic, have given them opportunities to develop talent, initiative and resource under the eyes of sympathetic directors. The military work of the C.O.T.C. has taught them the need of discipline, order, subordination, cooperation, the honour of free obedience freely given to an officer, at other times but a class mate or a junior. Above all their sodality activities, attendance at Mass and Holy Communion have given them an inspiring vision of the Divine Exemplar, the Perfect Man.





COLONEL LONG HONOURED AT CORPS DINNER

By GEORGE VANIER, '44

("Loyola News")

HE Windsor Hall of the Windsor Hotel was filled with army men, May 3rd, when the Loyola C.O.T.C. held its annual Corps dinner. President of this mess dinner was Major Edgar Reynolds, a former commanding officer of the Corps. After the toast to the King, Capt. John Brayley gave an inspiring address, in which he recalled the part played by the Loyola Alumni both in the last and in the present war. He mentioned that even now there were over 200 Loyola Alumni in the armed forces of England and Canada. Reverend Father Rector replied to this toast to Loyola College and remarked how gratifying it was to see how once again Loyola men had answered the call to arms in the cause of freedom, and that with deep trust in God, we could be certain He would lead us to victory. Besides Reverend Father Rector, there were present Rev. John Swain, Dean of the Faculty, and Capt. the Rev. Thomas J. Walsh, the Corps Chaplain.

Lt.-Col. E. O'Brien, a former commanding officer, in making the presentation of the decoration gave a brief sketch of the history of the Loyola C.O.T.C. He then presented Lt.-Col. John W. Long, commanding officer, with the Efficiency Decoration which the King had seen fit to bestow upon him in recognition of the fine work he had done in the Canadian Army.

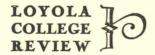
After a thunderous ovation, Col. Long, addressing the Corps, thanked them for their rousing applause and showed his gratitude to the Rector and the Faculty of the College for the kind co-operation they had always given him. With the singing of the National Anthem and the Loyola Victory Song, the dinner was brought to a close.

LOYOLA COLLEGE CONTINGENT CANADIAN OFFICERS TRAINING CORPS

By LIEUT. J. P. DOYLE

THE training year opened last August with the Unit about 300 strong proceeding to St. John's, Que., for the annual camp. The change from civilian life was noticeable as soon as the boys arrived. The line ups waiting for forks and knives and blankets and other useful impedimenta were a little boring but the first trip to the cook-house seemed to put everyone in fine fettle again.

The men were quartered in barracks so there was, at least, no fear of having the roof blown from over their heads by a high wind, as has been known to happen to



the unwary when under canvas. Nobody objected to anything except the "housework". A broom and scrubbing brush waiting for a pair of strong arms to propel them around are a fearful sight and one that was often to be seen. The inspection carried out during morning parade managed mysteriously enough to turn up every speck of dust that had been somehow overlooked by everybody else. Who would ever think of looking for dust on top of a door or behind a radiator? A tent has its advantages after all—that may have been the reason why the junior officers had them.

Training got under way at six o'clock next morning with a stiff dose of P.T. on the Polo Field. A very good thing for the health indeed, but it takes a good bit of reasoning to convince yourself of it sometimes. However, it would be infinitely more difficult to convince the R.S.M. that you should have another half-hour's snooze. As a result, attendance was high.

After breakfast, the morning parades began at eight o'clock; the training was varied and interesting, so that everyone set to work in earnest. After a certain amount of preliminary work, the different companies began to go out on tactical schemes and route marches. These exercises became progressively more intricate but were always carried out with great success. Several were held at night in spite of very rough terrain, poison ivy and the occasional skunk. A few casualties from the poison ivy . . . none from the skunks. This work gave rise to a new form of fifth column activity: "with malicious intent, spreading false rumours of night operations." It caused some to retire in full kit, so that it would not be so hard to roll out and dress in the dark—no lights after "lights out".

Field Engineering is an important part of a soldier's training, consisting to a great extent in swinging a pick and shovel. Everyone had a chance to show his prowess. The result was an excellent bayonet assault course, complete with trenches, shell holes, dummies and obstacles. A little pioneering had to be done as well; a road had to be cut through a bush in order to permit the mechanized transport to move up to a training area. The chips flew in good earnest for a few hours and the road was ready. To complete the training in engineering, the rolls of barbed wire were brought out and double apron fences began to spring up. Our high-speed wiring team under R.S.M. (now Lieut.) V. O. Marquez smashed flat all records for speed in erecting these obstacles.

To round off the training and give everyone a chance to put into practice all the army lore he had learned, it was decided that the battalion should bivouac one night as a part of a tactical scheme. That night will not soon be forgotten. It was damp and bitter cold and the "enemy" were active. Flares, fireworks, Very-lights and blanks, with alarms every so often, were good competition against sleep. The dawn was welcome, and with the dawn came breakfast. After a short march to work out the kinks, an attack scheme began. Several hours were spent in preliminary manoeuvres to gain contact with the enemy and then the whole battalion, enemy and all, had to pile into trucks and return to camp to be inspected by Major General Tremblay, D.S.O., Inspector-General of the forces for Eastern Canada. The men were tired, unshaven and rather muddy, but they went through their paces in an excellent manner. General Tremblay expressed great satisfaction with the showing of the Unit.

When the time came to pack and leave, everyone was sorry to go. There had been a good deal of hard work, but it had been interesting and the fine spirit displayed by everyone made even the most unpleasant task a pleasure. Whenever



Lest to Right: Major E. Hankey, Major E. Reynolds, Rev. Fr. Rector, Col. J. W. Long, O.C., Col. E. O'Erien, Rev. Fr. J. Swain, S.J., Major R. Routh. PRESENTATION OF EFFICIENCY MEDAL TO COL. J. W. LONG, O.C.









monotony threatened, the canteen, a sortie to St. John's or the odd visit to the Université de Montréal C.O.T.C. camping beside us offered diversion enough. The good effects of the life were apparent in the march from Windsor Station to Unit Headquarters. The men marched, if not like veterans, at least like men trained and ready to go. Many of them are now on active service and everywhere they go their efficiency is remarked upon.

Training in the theoretical portion of the course began in the fall. This was carried on, night after night, all through the fall and winter, and was followed faithfully. The militia examinations were written in March. The results proved the excellence of the instruction and the amount of work put in by the candidates.

Over 90% passed the first paper and over 85% the second.

The annual banquet was held in the Windsor Hotel. About three hundred were present. The highlight of the event was the presentation to Colonel J. W. Long, Officer Commanding, of the efficiency decoration, the reward for twenty years of efficient service in the Canadian Army.

The following attended courses leading to qualification and passed the examinations:

"A" Wing, Small Arms, Connaught Ranges, Ottawa:

Capt. V. D. Mitchell

Lieuts. F. Manley

F. McCourt

F. H. Milledge

J. A. Plamondon

W. A. Martin

N. Dann

F. W. Simard

These Lieutenants are now on command at various training centres in Canada. Major J. P. Brennan, Chief Instructor, attended the course in chemical warfare at Long Branch, Ontario.

Capt. T. M. Thompson obtained qualification in artillery (mobile) and in Engineers.

Lieuts. G. W. Joly, J. P. Doyle, R.Q.M.S. H. C. MacDonald and Cdt. J. G. Hunter obtained qualifications as Quartermasters.

Major E. T. Hankey is now attached to No. 4 District Headquarters as G.S.O. 3

(Intelligence).

Following is a list, as complete as our information makes possible, of those former members of the Unit who are now connected with other Units in the various Arms and Services. We realize that there are bound to be some who will be omitted but as we have been unable to keep in touch with them, this is unavoidable.

Name	RANK	Unit	Name	Rank	Unit
Amos, E. ('19)	D.R	.R.C.A.M.C.	Brousseau, G. S		. de M.
Asselin, E. ('41)	P.O	.R.C.A.F.			
Archambault, P	2nd Lieut	R.M.R. (M.G.)	Bujold, J. P. (H.S. '4	0)R	.C.A.F.
Brown, G. (H.S. '40)	A.C-2	.R.C.A.F.	Boque, H	Sgt. MajFo	orestry Corps
Benedetti, J. G	2nd Lieut	R.C.A.S.C.		P.OR	
Baskerville, P. ('34)	P.O	.R.C.A.F.		34)R	
Basham, C. F		.R.R.C.	Chase-Casgrain, A. ('	36)R	.C.A.F.

COLLEGE REVIEW

Name	RANK	Unit	Name	RANK	Unit
Clacy, G. ('38)	2nd Lieut	R.M.R. (M.G.)	Lewis, A. (H.S. '39)		
Chevrier, P. (H.S. '32)	2nd Lieut	R.M.R. (M.G.)	Lynch, M. (H.S. '41)	2nd Lieut	.Cape Breton
Clarke, A. H	2nd Lieut	R.M.R. (M.G.)			Hølre
Connaughton, F	R.Q.M.S		Lanthier, T. M	Lieut	.3-M.C.C.
Callaghan, L. E	2nd Linus	Valleyfield	McIlhone, J. ('33)	F.O	.R.C.A.F.
Cote, E	Lient	RCARC	MacDonald, C. (H.S. '38)		
Cato, K. C.	Licut	R C A F	Martin, A	2nd Lieut	.M.T.C. Farnham
Campbell, D	Lieut	R.C.A.S.C.	Maughan, A	2nd Lieut	Can Gren Gde
Coughlin, E. (H.S. '33)	L.A.C	.R.C.A.F.	Martyn, L. ('29)	.Pte	R.C.A.M.C.
Beaudry, G. ('30)	Lieut	R. de C.	Martyn, L. ('29) McAsey, J. ('25)	.Lieut	.R.C.C.S.
Bouchard	Sgt	.R.C.A.M.C.	Murphy, T	Capt	.R.C.A.
Chandler, J. ('41)	Kadio Mech	R.C.A.F.	McLaughlin, Jno. ('36)		.R.C.N.
Christie, S.	Lient	P.C.A.C.	McGovern, J. ('33)	Capt	R.C.A.M.C.
Dumas, W. (H.S. '37)		RCAE	McNaughton, A. (H.S. '34).	F.O.	R.C.A.M.C.
de Niverville, G. (H.S.'38).	F.O	RCAF	McNaughton, E. (H.S. '37).	Lieut.	R.C.H.A
Dann, N. ('40)	2nd Lieut	M.T.C.	McNaughton, I. (H.S. '37)	P.O	.R.C.A.F.
Dill III (lan)		Farnham	Milledge, F. (H.S. '37)	2nd Lieut	.M.T.C.
Dillon, T. ('38)	Capt	.R.C.A.S.C.	V.C	. 1	Farnham
Doyle, J. P. ('40) Davidson G	I Col (D P	R.C.A.F.	McCourt, F. (H.S. '35)	2nd Lieut	
Davidson G	cpi.(D.K.	(R.I.P.)	Malone E ('22)	Capt (OM	Farnham
Doherty, P	Seaman	RCNVR	Malone, E. ('33)	Capt.(Q.IVI.,	Huntingdon
Daniels, W. F	2nd Lieut.	17 D Y R C H	Morin, D. ('39)	.Sub-Lieut	R.C.N.V.R.
Donaldson	2nd Lieut.	17 DYRCH	Murphy, T. (H.S. '39)	.A.C-2	R.C.A.F.
Dolan, W. ('27)		R.C.A.F.	McCormick, M. ('28)	.Lieut	.R.C.A.S.C.
Dougherty, D. (H.S. '41)	Seaman	.R.C.N.	MacKenzie, A. ('25)		.Can. Gren. Gds.
Dugal, L. ('36)	Seaman	R. de C.	Manley, F. C. ('26)	.2nd Lieut	
Dillon, R. ('18)	Lient	R.C.N.	MacKinnon, M. S	2nd Lieus	Farnham
Davidson, R. G	Lieut.	RCASC	O'Brien, J. (H.S. '35)	Lient	R N
Desgroseilliers, P. ('41)	Lieut	.M.T.C. Sorel	O'Brien, J. (H.S. '33)	Lieut	R.C.A.S.C.
Fleury, F. ('36)	Capt Ajt	.M.T.C.	O'Toole, E	2nd Lieut	.17 D.Y.R.C.H.
Coming B (II C 120)	/	Farnham	Pascale, T. (H.S. '39)	.A.C-2	R.C.A.F.
Gagnier, R. (H.S. '38)	C-1	.R.C.A.F.	Phelan, A. ('34)	.Capt	.T.R.R.
Gick, B. (H.S. '38) Gotro, N. (H.S. '38)	Срг	Royal Sussex R.	Plamondon, J. A. ('30)	.2nd Lieut	.M.T.C. Sher.
Gray, C. (H.S. '37)	Lieur	R C A	Power, F. ('39) Panet, H. ('14)	Gen	Hong Kong
Genest, C. ('39)	. Lieut.	Fus de Sher	Power, Chas. G. ('07)	Mai	Min Nat Def
Graham, P	Cpl	R.M.R. (M.G.)			(Air)
George, E. G. ('31)	2nd Lieut	17 D.Y.R.C.H	Palmer, W. D	.Sgt	.R.H.C.
Ginnae, E. O	2nd Lieut		Phelan, F	.Lieut	.R.C.A.S.C.
Granda, J. (H.S. '40)		Huntingdon P.C.N.V.P.	Routh, R. ('35)	.Maj	
Gelinas, L	F.O.	RCAE	Riley, W. (H.S. '37)	2nd Lient	Farnham R C A
Gagnon, A. G. (H.S. '37)	Observer	.R.C.A.F.	Rolland, F	Mai.	VRC
Ellison, B	Lieut	R.C.A.S.C	Riche, M. (H.S. '37)	.Gnr	R.C.A.
Erly, W. J. (H.S. '31)	L.A.C.	RCAF	Relihan, M. (H.S. '36)		
Grant, G. S	Lieut	.R.C.A.S.C.	Roy, J. ('15)	.Cmdre	.R.C.N. (R.I.P.)
Hackett, G. (H.S. '36)	Kadio Mech	R.C.A.F.	Rowlett, J. H. Stevens, J. (H.S. '37)	.F.O	.R.C.A.F.
Hudson, A. G. (H.S. '36)	Lieut	RCASC	Stevens, W. (H.S. '39)	.Lieut	R C N
Hill, C. ('34)	Lieut	R.C.A.	Simard, F. (H.S. '37)	2nd Lieut.	M.T.C. Sher
Harwood, H. de L. (H.S. '32))	.Can. Gren. Gds.	Street, H. (H.S. '37)	.Lieut	Queen's York
Hingston, B. (H.S. '33)		.V.R.C.			Rangers
Herbert	Lieut	.M.D.4	Sykes		
Johnson, C	A C-2	R.C.A.F.	Salvaneschi, P. S. (H.S. '30).	.Capt	Aux. Force
Kennedy, J. (H.S. '39)	P.O	R.C.A.F.	Tingle, H. ('40)	Lieut	R.F.
Kirkwood, T. (H.S. '39)	Seaman	.R.C.N.V.R.	Thomas, N. ('37)	.2nd Lieut	R.H.C.
		(R.I.P.)	Tellier, W. G. (H.S. '26)		.R.C.N.
Kavanagh, E. F. (H.S. '33).		.17 D.Y.R.C.H.	Timmins, R. ('29)	.Capt	.A.C.A.
Kelly, J. (H.S. '36)	T :	R.C.A.F.	Veilleux, B. ('40)	.Lieut	.R. de Sher.
Kramer, R. ('15) Langan, R. (H.S. '37)	A C-2	R C A E	Vanier, G. ('06)	t. Col	
Ledoux, H. ('38)	Flr Lieur	R C A F	Wickham, B. (H.S. '38)	TAC	Def. Board)
Ledoux, F. (H.S. '39)	.Lieut	.R.M.R. (M.G.)	Walsh, V., O.B.E. ('14)	Air Cmdre	R.C.A.F.
		A.F.	Walsh, V. O. ('33)	.Maj	.M.T.C. Sher.
Lapierre, E. ('29)	.Lieut	.R. de M.	Whiteside, D. (H.S. 32)	.Lieut	.R.C.A.S.C.
Labelle, J. ('38)	.Lieut	.R.C.A.	McGee, T. D'A. ('34)	.Lieut	.R.C.N.
Lachaine, J. ('13)	Cant	P.C.A.M.C	Holland, J. G. ('16)	.Sgt	.R.C.A.P.C.
Letourneau, C. ('32)	.Сарт	.R.C.A.M.C.	Anglin, E. ('25)	.Major	.A.C.A.



NAME	RANK	UNIT	NAME	RANK	Unit
O'Brien, B. ('35)	Lieut	.R.C.N.	Skelton, R. V. (H.S. '		
Merchant, N. (H.S. '28)	Lieut	.R.C.A.	Holdship, W. J. (H.S.	'33)LieutAdj	R.C.A.S.C.
Scott, C. ('25)	Major	.A.C.A.	O'Brien, J. J. ('36)		.R.C.A.F.
Power, G. ('29)	Major	.Chaud. Regt.	Paré, P. ('43)	Sub-Lieut	.R.C.N.V.R.
Janin, M. (H.S. '22)	F.O	.R.C.A.F.	Paré, A. ('36)	Sub-Lieut	.R.C.N.V.R.
Mongeau, L. ('33)	F.O	.R.C.A.F.	Bronstetter, W. E. ('3	7)Sub-Lieut	.R.C.N.V.R.
Walsh, Noel ('26)	F.O	.R.C.A.F.	Thomas, R. ('39)	Radio Mech.	R.C.A.F.
Walters, E	Lieut	.Sher. Regt.	Hart, J. (H.S. '33)	Lieut	M.T.C. Sorel
Guilboard, I. ('30)	Capt	.R.C.A.M.C.	Tracey, H. F. (H.S. '3	2)A.C-2	R.C.A.F.
Languedoc, D	Lieut	.Royal 22ième	Richard, J		R.C.A.F.
Masson, H. ('32)	Lieut	.F.M.R.	Kay, J		R.C.A.F.
Marcel, A. (H.S. '32)	Lieut	.R.C.N.	Milledge, J. (H.S. '39))Sub-Lieut	.R.C.N.V.R.
Marcel, J. (H.S. '33)	Lieut	.R.C.N.	Lanctot, P. (H.S. '35)	Sub-Lieut	.R.C.N.V.R.
Brodeur, V. (H.S. '33)	Capt	R.C.N.	King, J	Sgt	.V.R.C.
Quinlan, H. ('28)	F.Ö	R.C.A.F.	McGrath, D. (H.S. '3'	7)L.A.C	R.C.A.F.
McVey, G. (H.S. '30)	Lieut	.C.O.T.C.	McGee, R. ('42)	P.O	R.C.A.F.
• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •		McGill	Hyland, E		R.C.A.F.
Boyd, M. (H.S. '28)	Pte	.R.H.R.	Smeaton, H. ('21). Re	vF/Lieut	R.C.A.F. Chap.
McMartin, J. (H.S. '17)	Lieut	.R.H.C.	Penfold, J. H. ('23) R.	evCapt	Gov. Gen. Ft.
Malone, S. ('20)	F.O	.R.C.A.F.		_	Gds. Chaplain
Handfield, G. (H.S. '30)			Boyce, R. (H.S. '34)		R.C.A.F.
Kearns, R. (H.S. '29)			McAndrew, P. (H.S.	37)	R.C.H.A.
McManamy, G. (H.S. '2	7)Lieut	.Sher. Regt.	Rigney, W. ('33)	Lieut	.R.C.N.
Tobin, A. ('25)			Dunn, J. ('30)	Lieut	Tor. Scottish
Savage, M. (H.S. '34)		.R.C.A.F.	Savor, Jim (H.S.'36).	Sgt	.12th Army
McCaffrey, F. (H.S. '37)	Lieut	.R.C.A.S.C.		-	Tank Corps

"I am the Way"

"You are weary and faint, my son? Fight on, Till the struggle and battle be finally won! For the Saviour, too, knew strife and pain As He suffered and died our souls to gain.

"You say there's no hope, no saving ray? You forget His words, 'I am the Way', And the cares and woes you daily dread Will bow to the strength of His daily Bread.

"Oh I know it's hard to be brave and true, But He sees and smiles and understands, too; For the Cross you carry to you He gave To gain the prize and your soul to save.

"For it's not such an awful thing to die When you've done your best in God's kind Eye,—A sigh, that's all, then He draws you near To His Side, you recall, that felt the spear.

"And you greet the Bride, the Bride called Death Beribbon'd and gay, and it's but a breath Till you open your eyes where there is no night And you see at last His Eternal Sight!"

"Oh, the joy and the wonder and pure delight,— And it's yours to be won if you 'keep it white'!"

ARTHUR WELBOURNE, '41.

Sodality



HE school year 1940-41 marks the fortieth anniversary of the founding of the Sodality at Loyola. It has been an average Sodality year in many respects, but since December there have been four or five outstanding projects which deserve special mention.

Fr. Daniel A. Lord, S.J., visited the city last September at the invitation of the Missa and the Union of Parish Sodalities. All Loyola Sodalists were present at Congress Hall to hear this great youth leader. With his ideas for running a Sodality in mind they returned to school and the Sodality began its fortieth year.

Due to the fact that there was no longer school on Saturday morning, our weekly Mass had to be changed to another day. It was decided to hold the Sodality Mass on Thursday morning. Throughout the year this Mass has been held with clock-like regularity and the attendance has been very good.

The Feast of the Immaculate Conception, December 8th, was the first really big event of the year. The day before the Feast, Saturday, saw approximately twenty Sodalists working on the decoration of the halls, the Domestic Chapel and the refectory, while at the far end of the main corridor in the Administration building a group of Sodalists, under the guidance of Fr. Noll, S.J., erected a beautiful shrine. At 8 a.m. the following morning Sodalists assembled in the Domestic Chapel for



Mass and Communion. They returned at 5 p.m. for the reception of candidates and solemn Benediction. Rev. Bernard MacDonald of St. Augustine of Canterbury Parish, and a former Sodalist, preached the sermon.

The reception was followed by the annual banquet and two plays were presented in the Auditorium by the College Dramatic Society: "The case of Johnny Walker"

and "Yes means No". It was a successful day for the Sodality.

Several weeks later Sodalists provided over twenty poor families with food and clothing in an effort to brighten the Holy Season for these unfortunate people. This practice, begun by the Sodality during World War No. 1, has continued to

the present, and it ranks among the major Sodality events of each year.

The second term saw the appointment of our director, Rev. H. Daly, S.J., as Chaplain of the Canadian Catholic Youth Union. For five years he had been Moderator of the Sodalities and his appointment left a vacancy extremely hard to fill. His capable successor is Rev. Thomas Walsh, S.J., at one time Prefect of the Loyola

Sodality.

An executive meeting was called soon after Father Walsh's appointment. At this meeting he suggested that we have a campus celebration during the month of May to honour Our Lady, and invite the other Sodalities in the city to attend. This suggestion was enthusiastically received and from that day the energy of the Executive was directed toward making plans, preparing them for execution, to make the undertaking a success.

On May 11th, world-wide Sodality Day, open-air Benediction took place. A beautiful altar had been erected on the campus by our Sodalists. The celebration was a huge success, as evinced by the following report in the "Montreal Star":

1,500 STUDENTS VISIT LOYOLA

Representatives of 35 High Schools Attend Special Services

Loyola College was host to about 1,500 Catholic High School students, representing 35 different High Schools throughout the city and known as the Missa,

yesterday afternoon.

The procession formed at 2.30 p.m. in the College chapel and proceeded to the campus. A guard of honour was provided by the Loyola Contingent C.O.T.C. and the First Communicants of St. Ignatius parish were the flower girls. On the campus an altar had been erected. Benediction was celebrated by the Rector, Rev. E. M. Brown, S.J.

In a short sermon, Rev. G. Emmet Carter drew a dark picture of conditions in war torn Europe and he asked: "In how many countries today would we be allowed to assemble and honour Mary publicly?" Benediction was brought to a close by the prayer for peace and the procession reformed to return to the chapel, where the

celebrations were brought to a close.

The final event of the year was a pilgrimage to Caughnawaga, Indian Reservation on the St. Lawrence. After benediction and a visit to the vault where lie the remains of Kateri Tekakwitha, our Sodality sponsored an entertainment for the people, followed by a social. It was something entirely new and everyone voted it

a 100% successful evening.

We have mentioned the outstanding events of the year but these are by no means the only ones. A Leaders' Day was held at Marguerite Bourgeoys College in February, at which Father R. Rooney, S.J., was the speaker. Father Rooney is attached to the Queen's Work staff and consequently is well-known to Montreal Sodalists. Those attending were highly impressed by the different points enumerated



as necessary in a leader, and many of our Sodalists have been working on those ideas ever since.

For the month of May Sodalists erected a shrine in the main hall and kept it decorated with flowers and vigil lights. Each class had a shrine of its own, thanks to the efforts of our Moderator. During the season of Lent and also during May there

was an 8.30 Mass daily for the day students.

The results of the election were as follows:—

This is a brief review of the year. Looking back, we feel certain that Sodalists have benefited greatly from the many spiritual projects undertaken by the Sodality. May the Sodality, with the continued blessing of Our Mother, flourish and prosper, and help to make us, the Catholic men of tomorrow, true to Catholic principles and ideals.

JACK O'BRIEN, H.S., '41.

ST. JOHN BERCHMANS' SANCTUARY SOCIETY

SINCE the foundation of Loyola College forty-five years ago, the St. John Berchmans' Sanctuary Society has continued to grow until today it comprises about sixty-five resident student members and a very much larger number among the day-scholars and the boys of St. Ignatius Parish. In this Society, young and old are taught and prepared for the honour of assisting the Priest in offering the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass.

Every year the Society prepares candidates to take the place of those who leave; and this year, the number of resident students who received the instructions, studied the responses of the Mass and its ceremonies, exceeded all expectations. As is the custom, the members met at the beginning of the school-year to elect officers. On September 25, 1940, the first meeting of the Society was called for this purpose.

President
Vice-President
College Secretary
High School Secretary

Councillors

Francis Kaine, '41
Thomas Murphy, H.S., '41
Lucien Cardin, '41
James Muir, '41

Harry Allen, '41
Ronald McDonald, '41

Francis Kelley, H.S., '41
Paul Sheehan, H.S., '42

After the elections, our Moderator, Father Corrigan, S.J., spoke to the members present. He stated his intention of stepping up the standard of serving Mass. He stressed also the importance of respectful demeanour and deportment at the Altar, since we represent the Congregation in our prayers. Oral examinations were to be given to all the members with a view to seeing that the answers were perfectly known. The new executive thanked the students for the confidence which they placed in them and the meeting was adjourned.

On Sunday, December 1st, members of the Society attended their annual banquet, at which our Moderator, Father Corrigan, due to ill-health, was unable to be present. To him, however, we owe a very elaborate banquet and a motion-picture

which everyone enjoyed.



During the year, we had many opportunities to show our 'savoir faire', since the Society of Jesus celebrated its Quatercentenary, on which occasion the Most Reverend Archbishop of Montreal celebrated a Pontifical High Mass at the Throne. Again, on a few special occasions, Very Reverend Father Provincial celebrated a Solemn High Mass for the students at which members of the Berchmans' Society served.

All in all, it is a year to be remembered, and we, the officers of the past year, wish to tender our most sincere thanks to Father Corrigan for the way in which he has handled the Society and provided for our enjoyment; and to the officers of the coming years, we feel sure that they will find the Sanctuary Society one to which they will be proud to belong.

James Muir, H.S., '41,

High School Secretary.

FROM OUT THE GRAVE

By ROBERT JOYCE

As this the world I knew. Mon Dieu, how it has changed. The shell hole over there, that's where Jeanne and I used to see-saw. And that wreck, that charred mass of débris, that's our 'château''. Who would know it. Jeanne—I expect she has grown up. It is how you say, queer, how you lose track—your people, your sister, and life, n'est-ce pas. Yes, we were happy in that quaint old house. Every week-end we used to drive into Arras. It was a great city with all its tall buildings and sophisticated folk. That was before the bombs. Now! Well, now it is but a mangled corpse, a skeleton—last witness of an awful tragedy.

They came, they came in their tanks, in trucks, on motor cycles. Thundering, crashing, crushing all that stood in their path. They were here and then they swept on, they were gone. No one, not even Weygand or Petain, could stop them.

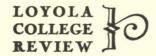
A superior race! That's what they called themselves. We, français, we were

A superior race! That's what they called themselves. We, français, we were pigs, the scum of the earth. Peut-être! Their army was better, we had no aero-planes. But were they really better? I ask you.

I remember that day so well. We had been fighting our way back, bit by bit. We were many, now we were few, our 179th régiment. Mon Colonel was wonderful, he was everywhere—but those Germans. At us from all sides came their tanks, spitting lead, belching flames. Seigneur! How they came at us. And those Stukas; they were like the meteors that fall from heaven. It was terrible, I nearly went mad. I saw a man, his face shot off. Another his legs broken. I saw the tanks come on, burying the wounded in their path. God knows it was awful.

Above us the British, they were wonderful. The Spitfires and the Hurricanes, they were like devils from hell. But too few, and too late. The British army? Who knows. Some say it was our fault, me, I blame the Boche.

Yes, we fought, we fought until we came to the old house. Mon Colonel, the Bon Dieu rest his soul, decided to defend it. We spread out. I took a position near the pump in the yard. I remember how the chickens used to run around my mother's feet as she drew the water. And our big black dog. We waited.



In the night we could see the flash of the cannon in the distance—it was night. The earth quaked with the roar of the big guns. We heard it, and we waited, and all the time that terrible thundering came nearer—nearer. Mon Dieu, it was terrible. I felt tired. Despair filled me. I wanted to lie down and dream.

Then they came. We battled with grenade, with gun, with cold steel. It was a bloody carnage, another Golgotha. But those tanks, nothing could stop them.

On they roared. Would they ever stop?

It was there by the old pump that they got me. He was a tall blonde lad with blue eyes; we struggled, he lunged, I was slow. I was on the ground with the cold

steel of his bayonet lacerating my inside. Then blackness.

I felt the blackness, and in those dreadful moments all my past life flashed before my eyes. The morning I stole the apples from Grand'père's orchard—the afternoon I nearly drowned at Dinard, how anxious my dear mother was that day—the night I met Madeleine. Sweet Madeleine, my lovely wife. Twenty years for all this. Was it worth it?

And out of the blackness came light, the light of hope. Yes, it was worth it, well worth it. We had not died in vain. France might be defeated, but France would rise again. Years of hate, of discord, of cruel tyranny, years of dictatorship, of hateful policies, of fighting alongside our old foe, there might be. But the people of France—the dark-skinned people of the Midi, the hardened workers of Lorraine, the peasant folk of La Bretagne, they would not change. The proud Gascon, he would not change. They were French. Years may pass and years may go, but a new France will rise again clothed in her one-time power and glory to take her place among the free nations of the world. Again our people will stand up, proud, placing their faith in God, united under the Tricolor. France cannot die, she is immortal. La France est morte, Vive la France!

BRITAIN

(Apologies to Macaulay)

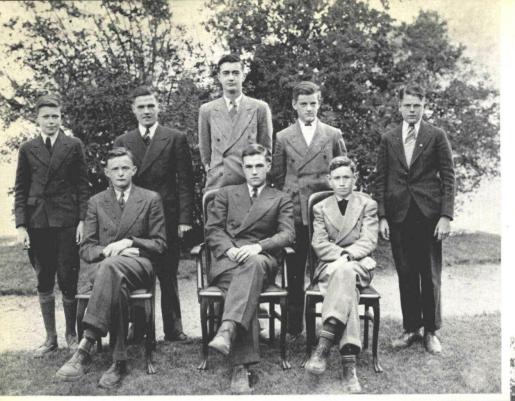
By PHILIP READY

HEN Napoleon gained his dominant control in France, Britain was powerful; when Napoleon was defeated, Britain remained powerful. When Bismarck's Germany found power, Britain was; when Bismarck fell, Britain still stood. When the Kaiser rose to such ascendancy that the nations of the world quaked, Britain stood defiant at the head of the Allies; when the Kaiser's Empire fell, Britain was victorious amidst the ruins of Europe.

And now that Hitler's juggernaut of destruction rumbles throughout Europe, who stands steadfast in his way?—Britain. Who is sweeping Germany's Luftwaffe out of the sky?—Britain. Who will triumph at the end of this barbarous slaughter?—

Britain.

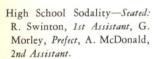
Britain, the little island on the western fringe of Europe, has been the stumbling block of all these conquerors. When some traveller from the frozen wastes of far-off Siberia sketches the ruins of the Unter den Linden, the heart of Britain will still beat as strong as ever—as free as ever—it has, in the glorious pages of her proud history.



SODALITY EXECUTIVES

K. B. S. Officers — Seated: D. Bussière, Secretary F. Langan, Prefect, H. Kerrin.

Standing: W. Pelton, E. Langan, E. Corrigan, C. Brown, B. LeBlanc.



Standing: C. Malone, T. Seasons, J. Wilkins, E. Emberg, R. Fauteux, J. O'Brien.

> College Sodality—Seated: F. Kaine, 1st Assistant, W. Shore, Prefect, J. Brayley, 2nd Assistant.

Standing: T. McKenna, D. Asselin, R. Brodrick, L. Cardin, G. Mulcair.





Sodality Day at Loyola, May 11th

J. W. N. SULLIVAN— A MAN BIGGER THAN HIS WORK

By LAWRENCE P. BYRNE

HE moderns, it seems, have decided that you meet the nicest people in your dreams, but with this tenet I find myself in disagreement. In my humble opinion, you meet the nicest people in books. And I don't mean those ideal types of homo sapiens and his mate; no, I mean the authors themselves. For example, take the school-year just completed. It brought an introduction to Scholastic philosophy. Scholastic philosophy, in turn, brought an introduction to the late J. W. N. Sullivan, one of the most interesting personalities I have ever come across. And I think you will have the same opinion when you read the following account of the man.

To begin with, Sullivan did not make the most of his life. That, it seems, he realized himself. From no fault of his own, but by reason of circumstances, and of his temperament, he never rose to the heights such a richly endowed person as he was should have reached. If we are to believe that candid and revealing book of his, 'But For The Grace of God'—part fiction and part autobiography—he did not know what to do with life. He had never been able to determine his way of life. From the practical point of view it was almost aimless, mostly as a result of a series of incidents. If the Mr. Shaughnessy of his book, 'But For The Grace of God', was his father, Sullivan was the son of a retired seaman who came from Ireland to take up a position to which he had been appointed in London. At this time Sullivan was fourteen years of age. The first "incident" which turned him from the path he should undoubtedly have followed was of his own making. But he would not admit that. He passionately refused the opportunity of a University education. He writes, "This proposal, which aroused in my imagination a vista of unending examinations, filled me with horror. I pleaded with all my might against so dreadful a fate, and I won my point. It was decided, therefore, that I should get a job." He got his job and one—in a large electrical manufacturing concern—that was to his liking. But it gave him no opening for a career. Instead, it led him to the rather profitless pursuit of science from the worldly point of view. That again was not a career for a man who had his living to make. Science, in the abstract, became a passion with Sullivan. That and music and literature. It was the things that mattered in these realms of the intellectual and mental life that mattered to him.

He had a passion for study in these early days. And this was the young man who had so determinedly refused a University education! Privately he studied to good purpose. One of his passions was for mathematics, which left him with a trained mind to pursue his study of scientific subjects, in particular mathematical physics and astronomy. It left him also with a mind that would be satisfied with nothing less than accuracy and the truth, so far as that is ascertainable. In these dominant interests of his, science, music, and literature, he went far. His scientific essays and books showed a deeply informed mind. His book, 'Beethoven: His



Spiritual Development', holds a leading place in the literature of music. His achievements were well summarized in an obituary article in 'The Times':

"Mr. Sullivan was a gifted interpreter of modern science, especially mathematical physics. His many books in this field delighted and informed a wide public, and he frequently contributed on the same topic to "The Times' and 'The Times Literary Supplement'. Sullivan's first qualification for this task was a complete knowledge of his subject. He was a competent mathematician, and when the theory of Relativity made a big stir shortly after the war he was one of the few people in England able to penetrate behind the symbols. In addition, he commanded a flexible and lucid style which made it possible for him to communicate his knowledge to the great reading public. His illustrations were apt, his explanations happy, and as an expositor of science he won his way to the same rank as Sir James Jeans and Sir Arthur Eddington."

Sullivan would not have cared for this comparison with these two supreme expositors of science whose disciple he was; he admired them too much. He had also an unbounded admiration for Einstein, whom he had the good fortune to talk with on several occasions. It was Einstein, in the early days of Relativity theory, who told Sullivan that he was one of the very few men in England who understood the theory of Relativity. And it was Sullivan who did so much in his essays and books to make the theory understandable by the layman, so far as that can be done.

Sullivan, as I have said, was a gifted interpreter of science. As a writer he was perhaps too concentrated, cold and logical; unless his readers had some previous knowledge of his subject-matter they would sometimes wish for more elaboration. But in conversation, his biographers assure us, using a license and freedom of speech, sacrificing exactness and technical phraseology, he would become intensely interesting and illuminating, even on that recondite subject of Relativity theory. That was because he knew his subject so intimately and could express himself so well in the way of communicating ideas to his listener, ideas that do not lend themselves readily to be set down on paper.

One trait in Sullivan's character was its philosophic bent, but that was secondary to his interest in pure science. He liked knowledge first of all for its own sake, but he liked also to speculate on the philosophical bearings of modern science. A few years before his death he contributed an exceedingly interesting series of articles to 'The Observer' which attracted much attention. The articles were an account of personal interviews with the foremost scientific men of our day, including Einstein, Eddington, Jeans, Max Planck, and Schrodinger. The problems discussed and for which he asked and got direct answers from these famous men were what he called the fundamental problems, problems science cannot yet answer. Sullivan was quite qualified to meet these great men on their own ground, even to discussing Relativity problems with Einstein in German. The substance of these unique interviews is found in Sullivan's 'Contemporary Mind'.

One of his later books was 'The Limitations of Science', and it shows the trend of his thought. Two other little volumes of essays, 'Aspects of Science', were widely read, and 'Gallio, or The Tyranny of Science', is a delightful little volume. Among other books of his dealing with science are 'Atoms and Electrons' and 'The Bases of Modern Science'.

In many ways he was a unique personality. Frustration is not the right word to describe the outcome of his life, but I think he harboured a sense of disappoint-



ment. If you hinted that with his great gifts he ought to have made a big position for himself and a bigger name for himself, he was silent and wistful. The opportunity that would have given greater scope for his peculiar gifts never came to him, or he was unable to seize it. He had no gift for purposeful action. His energies were never directed to a definite end. Luckily he had usually as much literary work as he could cope with.

Shy and a little sensitive, he drifted. He had an imperious and persistent mental appetite that never left him, and an amazing power of intense concentration on any study that engaged him for the time being. Of him, wrote H. M. Tomlinson: "His intuitions went farther and more deeply than the musings of other contemporary writers known to everybody, and, therefore, considered to be great. He exemplified the fact that the best of men are not the best known. Though that fact would have merely amused him, it was of no importance. The memory of his large, loose body, his spectacled and cynical grin topped by a shock of dark hair, and of his sudden interruption of a serious discussion with a drollery which blew it up as light fun, seem now as important as his books. Perhaps personality, after all, is of more importance than books."

EXCHANGES

WE must apologize for the shortness of our remarks; we fully intended to give more space to the many year books that reach our sanctum, but time is really at a premium these days. C.O.T.C. work topped by preparation for exams has eaten into our free moments. We hope to be forgiven. We have divided the Exchanges into four groups. We found the following books lively and entertaining:

The Argosy of Commerce—Ottawa, Ontario.

The Woodstock Oracle—Woodstock, Ontario.

The College Times—Upper Canada College, Toronto, Ontario.

The Oakwood Oracle—Toronto, Ontario.

The Elevator—Belleville Collegiate Inst., Belleville, Ont.

The Blue and Gold-East York Collegiate Inst., Toronto, Ont.

In these the photography and art work were well done, while the wit, humourous essays and light verse were especially good.

The following books were delightfully well-balanced:

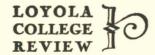
Loretto Rainbow-Loretto Schools of Canada and U.S.A.

St. Xavier's Magazine-St. Xavier's, Calcutta, India.

Eastern Echo-Eastern High School of Commerce, Toronto, Ont.

St. Mary's College Review-Brockville, Ontario.

The best word to describe these is "artistic".



An extract from one:

NIGHT MUSIC (LORETTO RAINBOW)

The wind of night steals sprite-like through the world, And with dim, spirit-fingers lightly plays
A strain upon the harps of all the trees;
And through the shadowy, dew-cool air up-borne,
There floats a sweeping, breathless melody
To join the thin, sweet symphony of stars.

The following were interesting, instructive and intellectual:

The Boston College Stylus, Boston, Mass.

The McMaster University Quarterly—Hamilton, Ontario.

St. Aloysius College Magazine—St. Aloysius College, Malta.

The Regiopolis Annual—Regiopolis College, Kingston, Ont.

The Mitre—Bishop's College, Lennoxville, Que.

The following books contained interesting accounts of school events, with perhaps a scarcity of articles of sufficiently wide appeal:

St. Joseph's High School Annual—Bombay, India.

St. Xavier High School Magazine-Bombay, India.

The Campion-Campion College, Regina, Sask.

The Clongownian—Clongowes Wood College, Eire.

St. Aidan's College Record—Grahamstown, South Africa.

The Mungret Annual-Mungret College, Limerick, Eire.

The R.M.C. Review-Royal Military College, Kingston, Ont.

The Elan-Marymount, Tarrytown, New York.

The Mountaineer-Mt. St. Mary's College, Spinkhill, England.

The St. Ignatius Record—Stamford Hill, London, England.

JAMES MELL, '43.

Rainbow

Horizon its foundation, zenith its peak, The rising rainbow spans the vaulted blue. Across its mighty bridge the colours streak God's firmament-easel with ethereal blue.

RICHARD BLANCHFIELD, '44.



THE SPIRIT OF BRITAIN

By GEORGE VANIER

THE people of Britain are at war. They have been at war for eighteen months, eighteen months of toil and strain. They have been in total war for a year, and that, a year of suffering and sacrifice. They have borne this as no other country could have borne it, because they are what they are: British.

War pricked their sluggish minds, almost torpid in self-complacency, then stirred them into rolling activity, and at last goaded them into an inflexible purpose and undaunted perseverance.

The Lion raised his head, stirred, started, snarled, roared and leaped. Egged on by his enemy, he snapped; hurt by his enemy, he grew furious; at bay before his enemy, he grew doggedly resistant.

Yes, indeed, the British Lion has awakened to his responsibilities. Alone, the bulwark of civilization, he grapples "against infection and the hand of war," and "against the envy of less happier lands," and is proud of the honour of being the defender of the right.

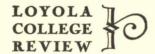
War has united an internally divided people into a people of one mind, one resolve, one determination. There are no longer Conservatives, Liberals or Labourites; there is just one—Briton. No country in the course of history has stood as united as Britain stands today.

War has broken down the social barriers; never before have the aristocrat and the labourer, the employer and the employee been able to talk on such even terms as now. Both suffer alike. Bombs smash the mansions of the rich and the hovels of the poor without distinction.

The British are by nature slow, easy-going and self-satisfied, as a rule, but now war and suffering have awakened this people from its lethargy. And now it is the people, not the armed forces, who are bearing the brunt of the attack. It is the first time in hundreds of years that the people themselves have fought; for indeed, every day and night they are fighting the incendiary bombs, the raging blazes and their own hunger. It is the people who are under fire; it is the entire nation that is striving for its very existence.

A stoic sense of humour, not flippant nor frivolous, but grim, realistic and typical of the British character has emerged from the uncertain eddies of war. Their slogan might be: "United we stand—and we shall not fall." And with God's help they cannot and will not fall. They are indeed in a vale of tears, but striving to ignore the stark realities of the present, they look forward to where, over the surly mountain tops, the dawn of victory must rise.

Not only are the British people suffering, but, what is far greater, they know how to suffer,—in patience, with resignation and in hope.



In this greatest hour of her need, Britain is again turning back to God; she now knows that God is her salvation and that to God she must revert in order to emerge from this abyss of fear and struggle into the glorious light of victory.

"England, bound in with the triumphant sea Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege Of water Neptune"

now beats back the surf of a greater tide than any envisaged by Shakespeare. It is a relentless surf, but the rocks of England will beat it back.

The British people have indeed entered a dark, grim winter; not a black winter of despair but one of trial and tribulation; a cruel winter, a winter of sacrifice. But the British people, undaunted, unafraid, await their spring.

The Oral Examination

I'll trade for a different body and brain, I pray for sense in a large ration; My mind's like something left in the rain Since the last oral examination.

When the examiner climbed into his seat, My heart went at a double beat; I soon forgot all things essential, And prayed for a "flash" like those of Winchell. He demanded a translation of Latin, I wound with a zero average, battin'; Then questions flowed in a steady stream, Terrible was my desire to scream; The examiner sat there, unseraphic, And my answers gummed, like snarled up traffic; Then he looked at me with clear disgust, For he surely thought me a perfect bust; When I slowly rose, my limbs were weak, And I thought I heard: "Confidentially, you reek." So I staggered out without a sound, Newly king of dunces crowned.

Now my old friends all despise me,
And point to me as a ham.
But on paper I can very wise be,
Curses on the oral exam.
This may not sound very pious,
But then, in my fogged state of brain
I'm far too weary to pray as
I head for the early train.

J. RONEY, III B.



PRO PATRIA MORI-HORACE

By GREGORY DRISCOLL

"Hill No. 113 must be taken from the enemy at all costs. Signed—The High Command."

this message spoke! Had it been written in the blood of a dying hero, it would have been more appropriate. It was our firm belief that we had already suffered a hell, on earth; but yesterday, and the day before, and the unending file of days past, filled with the horrid spectres of war, were but a deceptive lull before the tempest.

Was I to lead my men over the top to attempt a deed which was totally impossible of accomplishment? Were not the shattered bodies of thousands and thousands of our dead comrades lying out there in that desolate graveyard we euphemistically named "No Man's Land?" No! That order must not be obeyed. Better by far that I should take my revolver and shoot down my own men, one by one.

But as I look out into the still moonlight night towards the now-hushed enemy trench, I can see the soft rays of the pale moon dancing upon the lurid steel of broken bayonets once brandished by brave and gallant soldiers. And close by, lie the motionless forms of our country's sons; they faced death—and blanched not. They accepted willingly the privilege of offering their lives for their country and its cause.

Was I to prevent the men under my charge from sharing in this glorious honour? . . . Was I to prove myself a coward, show myself a traitor, a Judas Iscariot tempted by the hope of respite from temporary discomfort? No! I would much sooner die a thousand deaths than be branded with the stigma of coward, traitor, betrayer.

As I pondered thus in my dilemma, a new spirit seized my soul, and the letters of that unrelenting message changed from ink to blood. Yes! to red blood; brave, generous, sacrificial blood; the victorious blood of a courageous hero dying in battle.

May the hand of Divine Providence steer my ship of destiny, and the all-powerful grace of God fill its sails: for my men and I are about to die that the torch of Christian liberty fail not.



TWENTY-FIVE YEARS

HERE is within each one of us a desire and ambition that is continually striving for expression. No matter what the kaleidoscope fortunes of life may bring us, no matter what contrary influences emanate from the womb of time, we will find in the end that our lives have always been governed by that ambition which only a great love of something can inspire.

Jean Drouin has always loved music. It has been the ruling guide of his life. And why not? Were not his father and mother musicians? True, they were not professionals. But what of that! They knew and felt the warmth and happiness, the exhilaration and "gaieté de coeur" that is music. Not to be infected with a similar spirit was, for him, as impossible as it would be for Churchill to say "It can't be done."

Jean Drouin's first teacher was the late R. Pelletier, the fine-fingered organist at St. James' Cathedral. From him he learned the elementals of real music—the key that was to unlock for him a world of unimagined life and beauty. When he left Mr. Pelletier, he was no longer a recruit. For his advanced training he went to New York where, under Ovid Musen, that great teacher of music at the Royal Conservatory in Liege, he found the full expression of music that is possible only with the violin.

The professor is now sixty-four years old. The delicate beauty of music has fared well in his hands. His students, like true musical offspring, have shown themselves well able to keep in tune with the musicians of the day. He himself could not but make his own teachers proud of his musicianship. Jean Drouin has played in the orchestras of such men as Victor Herbert and Giuseppe Creatore. As representative of the Federation of Musicians of America, and as president of the Musicians Association in this city, he worked hard and faithfully, and with great success, for his profession and ideal—music.

Since Professor Drouin came to Loyola in 1916, music has had surges that reached the crest of success; at other times the task was discouraging, such as it must be when one has to depend upon the fluctuations of musical talent in an educational institution. There were periods when talent seemed plentiful but instruments were lacking; there were periods of transition, of changes in instruments and musical appreciation; there was the conflict of new ideas in alliance with the radio that made one wonder whether the younger generation would ever be interested in making their own music. The task of spreading tone and musical shadows over the life of the College has been a stubborn one, but the professor was more than stubborn. Authorities and boys alike had to be convinced, and Jean Drouin did convince them. Only a man with the background and courage such as he possesses could keep up the task of making boys feel that a fine orchestra is every bit as important as a fine football team.

On this twenty-fifth anniversary we thank our mild-mannered professor of music. We thank him for his cheerfulness, for his spirit. We thank him for the "melting airs, or martial, brisk, or grave." For music is a "thing of the soul—a rose-lipped shell that murmurs of the eternal sea—a strange bird singing the songs of another shore."—Ad multos annos!

Professor JEAN DROUIN





THE ORCHESTRA

Seated: P. Racz, P. O'Reilly, J. Chaya, R. Brodrick, C. Audet, R. Weldon, R. Fauteux.

Standing: R. Maher, W. Weldon, F. Monahan, J. O'Brien, Mr. D. Stanley, S.J., R. Cadieux, R. Weldon, Prof. Jean Drouin.

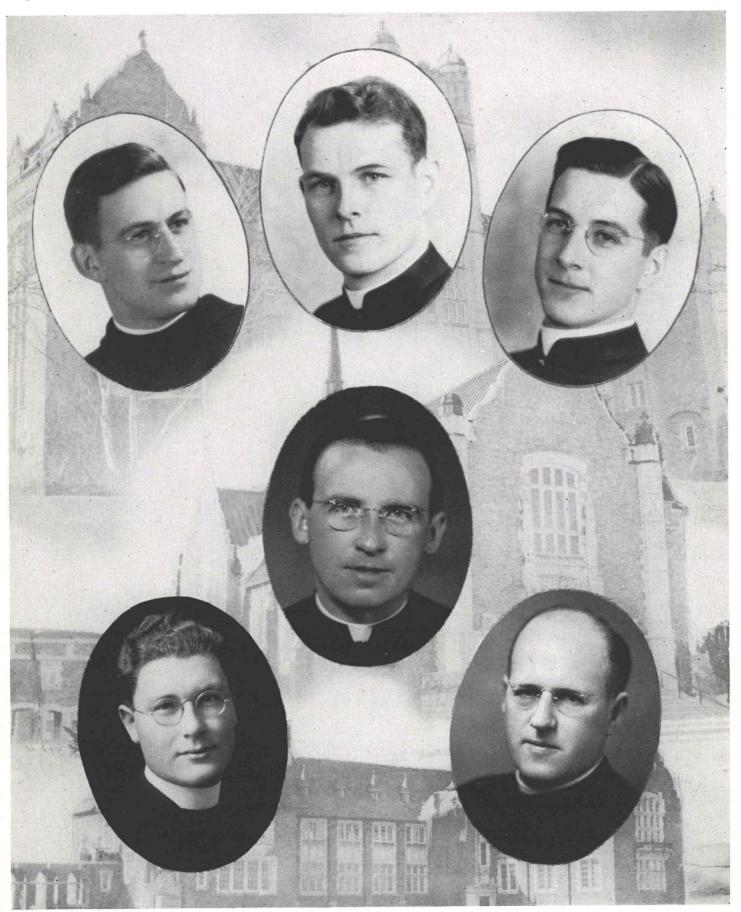


AROUND THE COLLEGE

Top: Freshman tennis enthusiasts. Drury Allen and Frank Fonseca, preparing track. Softball enthusiasts. Noon hour on the campus.

Middle: Softball fans. May altars. Tennis courts.

Bottom: Fr. Sutton reading weekly marks and Roger Carrière listening.



ALUMNI ORDAINED

Top: Rev. Stephen Wertynski, O.M.C., '37, Rev. Bernard McDonald, '36, Rev. Edward Penny, '36. Centre: Rev. Patrick Ambrose, '35.

Bottom: Rev. Patrick McHardy, S.J., '31, Rev. John McCaffray, S.J., '27.

ALUMNI ON ACTIVE SERVICE



Rev. Henry Smeaton, S.J., '21



Air Commodore Victor G. Walsh, '14, O.B.E.



Rev. John H. Penfold, S.J., '22



Flt. Lt. Edmund Asselin, '41



AROUND THE COLLEGE

Top: Not a!together scholastic. "That was a wise one!"

Middle A: "Thanks for the lift, Buddy!" Silvio: one done and three to go! Fr. Sutton escorted by "Mike" Carrière.

Middle B: Worm's eye view of tennis. O'Brien at a loss for words. So what!

Bottom: "This is the life!" "That sounds logical!" says Wilkins. "Here's the rub!" says Corrigan.

Harry Allen cramming.

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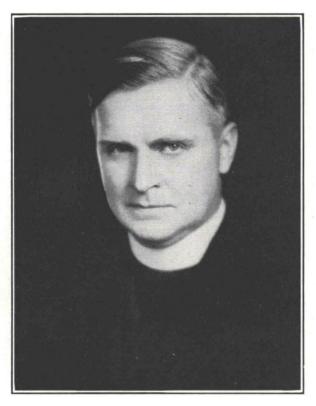
M l'Abbé Albert Tessier (Tavi)



LOYOLA PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY EXECUTIVE

Left to Right: S. Narizzano, D. Ledoux, Mr. D. Stanley, S.J., P. Devaux, W. Brayley.

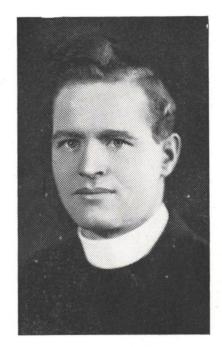
LECTURERS



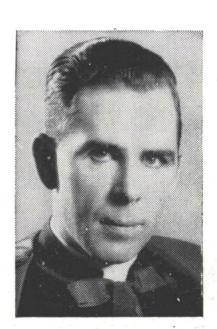
Rev. Daniel A. Lord, S.J.



Rev. Elliott MacGuigan, S.J.



Rev. Fr. Miller, C.SS.R.

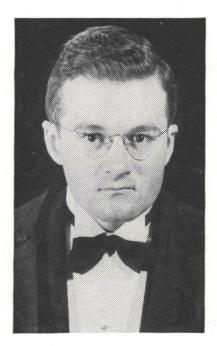


Msgr. Fulton J. Sheen

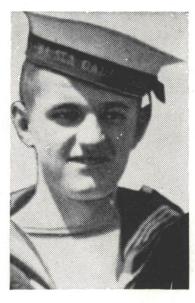
R. I. P.



Rev. A. J. Primeau, S.J.



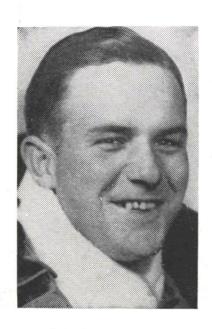
Samuel Hutchinson, B.A., '38



Tom Kirkwood, H.S., '39



Joseph Ryan, H.S., '32



L/AC Albert Lewis, H.S., '39



Cmdr. J. W. R. Roy, '21

Obituary

CMDR. J. W. R. ROY

"H.M.C.S. Margaree . . . lost in collision with large merchant ship." Terse and to the point was Naval H.Q.'s statement. Lost? Yes! Captain went down with his ship . . . sank at night. North Atlantic. Behind the stark print, however, lay a story of a true Loyola man who in Loyola style was staunch even unto death, who undaunted and unafraid went down with

his ship.

Cmdr. Joseph W. R. Roy, R.C.N., was born in Ontario, April 1st, 1901. Son of James R. Roy, Civil Engineer and Inspector-General of the Dept. of Public Works, Cmdr. Roy graduated from Loyola. Later he entered the Royal Naval College of Canada, where from 1916-1918 he won honour and respect. After a distinguished career, he attended the Royal Naval Staff College in England, and until June, 1940, was attached to Naval Service Headquarters as director of operations. To his wife and his two children we wish to tender our most sincere sympathies. His death has been a great loss not only for his near relatives, but also for Canada. He was a true Loyola man, a noble Canadian and a gallant Catholic gentleman. The bravery and courage he has shown will not have proven in vain. Wherever Canadian seamen meet, they will speak with reverence of the Captain who went down with his ship—he has set an example to the fighting men of Canada, to all true Catholics, to all Loyola men. We salute you, Cmdr. Roy. R.I.P.

THOMAS KIRKWOOD

The Review is indebted to "Student Prints" of D'Arcy McGee High School, Montreal, for the following article.

Do not pray too much, I say. Does a

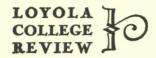
hero need much prayer?

'Tondoos' is a hero according to all good principles. Would not God con-

sider him a hero?"

These lines are taken from a letter received by the parents of Tom Kirkwood, written as a message of consolation and faith by his brother Frank to the father and mother in their hour of mutual grief.

Tom Kirkwood joined the Navy in August, 1939. Having been overseas, he came back to Canada on the "Hunter" at Christmas. Having missed her when



she went back to England (she was soon after sunk at Narvik), Tom joined the "Assiniboine". His trip took him to Jamaica and then to England. There he joined the "Fraser" which was soon afterwards sunk off Bordeaux. Luckily he was rescued. After this lucky escape he was sent to Plymouth and from there to London, where he was set to build air-raid shelters. When this job had been finished, Tom received orders to join the "Margaree". She was getting up steam in preparation for leaving when she was bombed. Unable to leave, owing to the damage she received, she remained in port for two weeks. Eventually she left and was sunk in collision about four hundred miles off the Irish coast. And "Our Hero", having answered the call to action, was called upon to make the supreme sacrifice.

Tom spent a year at Loyola before going to D'Arcy McGee. He was a stocky youngster with a lively disposition, an active member of First High A and of the various small boys' teams. It is recorded in the class chronicle of that year: "Kirkwood breaks his leg out of devotion to the class motto: 'Ad astra per aspera'—just see what that sermon on 'spirit' is doing'. Tom showed that he had that

spirit in abundance when the time came.

Death has not put him out of the fight, although it has removed him from the bloodshed and suffering involved in it; his merits and prayers are powerfully assisting to a successful issue those who carry on the struggle to overcome the powers of evil and to establish the reign of justice on the Peace of Christ.—R.I.P.

FATHER JOSEPH A. PRIMEAU, S.J.

OSEPH ALFRED PRIMEAU was born at Lindsay, Ontario, on the second of October, 1876. His family was Englishspeaking, though most of his relatives in Quebec spoke French. The English Course had been in existence three years when Joseph Primeau came to St. Mary's College, Bleury Street, in 1891. While at St. Mary's, Fr. Primeau was taught by Fr. O'Gara, at present at Loyola. He started his rhetoric year in 1896 at Loyola College, just opened at the south-east corner of St. Catherine and Bleury Streets. A year later, August 14th, 1897, he entered the Novitiate of the Canadian Mission at Sault-au-Récollet. He was thus the first student of Loyola to enter the Society. He made his study of the Classics at Florissant, Missouri, and his Philosophy at the Immaculate Conception College, Montreal. During his five years of regency, Fr. Primeau taught High School classes at Loyola College, which had by this time migrated to Drummond Street. During Fr. Primeau's years of Theology at the Immaculate, the Lay Retreat movement had its inception on this continent through the zeal and energy of a fellow-theologian, Fr. Papin Archambault, S.J. A couple of Englishspeaking theologians, one of whom was Fr. Primeau, extended this work, though necessarily in a smaller way, to English-speaking laymen. After his priesthood, Fr. Primeau had much to do with the organization of retreats, and he is the chief originator and was the mainstay for several years of the Retreat Association of Montreal. His talent for organization was also shown in the work he did in connection with the Catholic Social Guild. Fr. Primeau was at various times, Minister,

Bursar, or both combined, and Parish Priest. From 1939 to his death, amid periods of sickness, he was moderator of the Catholic Laymen's Retreat Association in Montreal. He was at the Montreal Convalescent Hospital, some friends visiting

him, when the final heart attack carried him off, on January 31st, 1941.

We miss him especially, because a good part of his life was spent at and about our school. He was pastor of St. Ignatius' for two periods, during which time he lived at the College and followed College activities with keen interest. Very frequently the fine work which he did was done despite severe ill-health, and when finally it became impossible for him to continue strenuous activity, he remained

here as Chaplain to the Catholic Laymen's Retreat Association.

But the loss is not ours alone. A good man cannot help but make the world better, whether it be by direct or by indirect means. Father Primeau did his share in both ways. His work was carried out in different places in the course of his life: Guelph, Winnipeg, Port Arthur, Montreal. At each of these centres his influence was the personal, friend-to-friend appeal that pervades regions far beyond those in which it is first felt. He met a part of the world face to face and that part passes his word on to the rest. The funeral Mass, said by Reverend Father Rector on Monday, February 3rd, was attended by the students of the College and High School, by many members of the clergy, and by a large representation of the late Father's many friends—a universal tribute to one who spent himself in the service of God and his neighbour. R.I.P.

ALBERT LEWIS

ALBERT came to Loyola in 1935, a

bright, chubby boy with an infectious smile and a love of games.

He was a boy of sterling character, a hard trier at his work, and, still more important, a boy of solid piety. When he reached the hospital after crashing, the nurse found in his clothes his beads, two statues and his prayerbook, proof that his early piety was real and sincere. In the outdoor aspect of school life he was an outstanding football player and a keen hockey star. It was his fortune, in a way, to strike a class of no mean ability as athletes—a class that was a consistent winner in intra-mural sports. He learnt the value of that line "fighters all that never give in." An adventurous nature led him into the Air Force, in which he was particularly happy. The nature of the life gave scope for the latent qualities of a very manly character, while, all the time, he grew in the affectionate esteem of his fellow airmen. Sunday, May 25th, he had been visiting friends near the College—Monday came the shocking news that Bert had crashed. While making a solo flight not far from the city, he had evidently become confused by the smoke from nearby forest fires. The priest and doctor were summoned, and Bert had the consolations of his religion before being transferred to the Neurological Institute, Montreal. He lingered there in a semi-conscious condition until he died, Friday, May 30th, at 5.30 p.m. The funeral took place on Monday with full military honours following a Requiem Mass sung in the College chapel by the R.C.A.F. Chaplain, Flt.-Lt. Father Hamel.—R.I.P.



SAMUEL HUTCHINSON

Samuel Hutchinson was called by death. Last August his countless friends were shocked to hear of his sudden and tragic death in an accident at the Cournor Mine near Val d'Or.

Having graduated "magna cum laude" from Loyola in 1938, he was following a course in Mining Engineering at McGill University, and it was while gaining practical experience in his chosen field that he was so suddenly taken from us.

Samuel Hutchinson came to Loyola in September, 1903, on a scholarship from St. Leo's Academy. From the very outset he gained for himself a most distinguished scholastic record. He was an excellent mathematician, he delighted in the Classics and he was the leading philosopher of his class. He was truly a brilliant student. Nor did he excel in scholastic attainments alone. He was a strong supporter of all Loyola extra-curricular activities. To mention only a few instances, he was associated with the Loyola News and the Loyola Review, and in his final year he was Editor-in-Chief of the Review. In his senior year he was a member of the victorious debating team which won the I.U.D.L. Beatty Cup. Sam had the rare ability to think and argue while on his feet, and this along with his clear and logical reasoning made him a forceful, convincing debater.

In the short while he was at McGill, Sam did everything he could to champion Loyola and all it stands for. He organized a debating league in the Engineering Faculty and was a member of the executive of the Engineering Undergraduates' Society. His views were highly respected and admired by his fellow students, and his editorial on the need for proper reasoning and clear thinking published in the McGill Daily was considered by McGill's Principal as the best editorial ever to appear in that publication.

His life was rich and full, and above all else he was a devoted Catholic. He lived a good, clean life and was a frequent communicant. He defended his Church from the attacks of outsiders and they admired him the more for doing it. Samuel Hutchinson was a loyal Alumnus, a good and true Catholic and a brilliant student.

To his bereaved mother we offer our most heartfelt sympathies.

GERALD JOHNSON, B.A., '38.

JOSEPH EARL RYAN

THE REVIEW, on behalf of faculty and students of Loyola, on behalf too of many alumni, wishes to express to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas J. Ryan and family, its heartfelt sympathy on the occasion of their recent sad bereavement. Despite the knowledge of his protracted illness, news of his death came as a shock to the many students, past and present, who had known Joseph Earl Ryan.

Joe, only son of Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Ryan of Notre Dame de Grace, was born March 3rd, 1914, and received his primary education under the devoted supervision

of the Presentation Brothers of St. Augustine's School.



Entering Loyola High School in September 1927, Joe soon made a place for himself in the varied activities of the school, and carved his own niche in the esteem and affection of the numerous students who recognized his many sterling qualities. Though not actively participating in major sports, because of a heart condition which caused his doctor some anxiety, he was an unswervingly loyal supporter of every Loyola team.

Chiefly interested in the school's thespian endeavours, he was a very active member of the Loyola Dramatic Society, and will be best remembered for his polished performance as Mary Grayson in one of Loyola's very finest productions, 'It Pays

to Advertise", in 1932.

Ill health forced Joe to desist from studies some months before graduation, and after a period of rest, he entered his father's business in the leather belting trade. Besides taking an active part in this business, he was, before his last illness, made

Secretary to the Montreal Power Commission Council.

It is a pleasure to record, and a credit to his training, that he brought to parochial enterprises, all the energy and enthusiasm which had characterized his participation in school activities. His was a spirit after the heart of Pius XI, the great Pontiff of Catholic Action, a spirit fervent and apostolic. He worked untiringly in any cause truly Catholic, was an active member of the parish study groups, an indefatigable committee man in every charity drive, an usher at St. Malachy's Parish Church. Not even his recreations took him away from the Catholic circle in which he exercised so salutary an influence, for, an enthusiastic bowler, he was chief organizer and president of the St. Malachy's Bowling League.

Some seven months ago, Joe contracted the illness which was to bring to his Father's house a soul surely dear to that Heavenly Father. The best efforts of the best physicians failed to check the ravages of a serious blood infection which spread

throughout his whole system.

During those last trying months, his cheerfulness, resignation and unselfishness were a source of edification to all who visited him, and a fount of strength and comfort to his family. Unwilling to be a cause of trouble or inconvenience to others, he bore the tedium and pain of those long days in a manner made possible only by the many graces he so richly merited.

Fortified by the Last Sacraments, and in perfect disposition to meet his Saviour, Joseph Earl Ryan died Friday, June 6th, 1941. He is survived by his father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas J. Ryan of Notre Dame de Grace, and by his sister

Doris M.—R.I.P.

PETER SIMON

From the Loyola News of November 14th, 1940.

ON Sunday, November 3rd, as the Seniors were winning their second straight Catholic League championship, one of their most ardent supporters was closing out his greatest battle—the battle of life. This youngster was Peter Simon, who passed away in St. Mary's Hospital. This is the first time in many years that we have mourned the passing of a fellow-student.



Peter was a happy little youngster, a member of Preparatory, but popular with all those who knew him in the school. In his short stay at Loyola, having arrived only this September, he set out to make friends with those in his new home.

It is tragic to note that Peter was in ill health upon arriving here, having heart trouble as well as diabetes. Though often apparently in good health, Peter was continually suffering; and in his quest for fun he was frequently doomed to failure, for it was often physically impossible for him to do what other fellows did.

Suddenly on the morning of Thursday, October 30th, he collapsed and, after a few days in the Infirmary, he was rushed to the hospital. Here, despite heroic attempts

by the doctors, his gallant little heart gave up the struggle.

We mourn his loss greatly here at Loyola, because even though young and new he possessed the qualities of a Catholic gentleman. But we also rejoice with him, for he has passed to his just reward, fortified by the last rites of the Church. R.I.P.

PHYSICS AND METAPHYSICS

By M. KIERANS

T is a truth that in the last century and today there was and is a tendency and spirit in all forms of man's social and personal life to welcome, to adopt with eager enthusiasm and accept as proved any theory which seemed to disprove and deny the basic principles and methods which had been hitherto dominant in religion, science, art, music, economics, politics and education.

Edwin Schroedinger, a famous scientist, called this tendency or spirit "zeit-geist", (a German word roughly translated to "spirit of the age"). "It seemed the authority of tradition was a drawback rather than a recommendation for a theory about music, art, science, politics and religion," he said.

Marxian economics was welcomed popularly, not because of its intrinsic value as an economic theory, but because it was based on and used principles which overthrew old and long established ideas and principles of economy. The "new" music—modern jazz in its many forms; the new art—"surrealism" and other schools in painting; and "super-realism" in literature, all received much of their popular approval because of the "zeitgeist".

The enthusiasm with which Einstein's theory of relativity was proclaimed was due to "the impression that it constituted a complete overthrow of Newtonian doctrines, whereas relativity is an expansion and refinement of Newtonian physics." (Planck).

The new theories of government, democracy, totalitarianism, communism, became popular under the push of this modern spirit of rejection of the old and substitution of the new. The real tragedy of our age is that this zeitgeist attached itself to the spheres of religion and philosophy. Philosophy and religion dealt with the eternal truths, and having nothing "new" to offer, suffered especially at the hands of this modern spirit.



Darwin's theory of natural selection and numerous false theories on the origin of the Universe received their popular support, not because of their value as purely scientific theories but because they were theories that seemed to do away with God and the "old" religion.

It would be foolish to state that this "zeitgeist" was the only cause for the many attacks on religion and philosophy and that it was the only moving force of our time and accounted for all modern historical facts but it seems clear that there certainly was and is such a spirit and tendency in our age and it has had some influence. It would be difficult to say what the cause of the zeitgeist was but there it was and is. It would indeed seem foolish to attempt to disentangle the jumbled skein of man's inner motives in all places and times and say this "zeitgeist" at this time, due to this cause, accounts for these historical facts. Other things must be taken into consideration; but in our day we think it is safe to say that a spirit exists which tends to substitute new ideas for old ones purely because of novelty and specious truth. We call this spirit, for convenience, "zeitgeist".

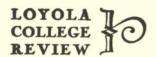
It is difficult to say where and when the zeitgeist affected science, philosophy and religion and much more difficult to say where it affects and when it affected physics and metaphysics but this zeitgeist really did affect them and results were disastrous for both.

Coupled with other forces, the spirit of the age drove physics and metaphysics farther and farther apart. Because their aims, instruments and methods were so different, it was assumed that their purposes and courses must be divergent. The zeitgeist said: "Let philosophy grow cold and die. It has nothing new to offer. This new physics, build your fires under it, nourish it, warm it with fires of genius; it offers immeasurable new vistas of knowledge." That's how it happened.

The physicist divorced himself completely from metaphysical concepts and methods of investigation. The metaphysicist built a wall about himself and refused to "dabble with experiments." The mind was enough for the philosopher; the laboratory enough for the physician.

The physician drew minute, intricate, ingenious and complicated murals on a portion of the vast wall of human knowledge, while the philosopher on the wings of the mind flew up and out and tried to focus the whole picture that the Great Artist had limned in His mind's eye; tried to find the purpose, the message and the story of that picture. The physicist groped with his five senses, the metaphysician with the only "sixth" sense, the mind. Yet all the time they thought they were working toward different goals and neither would admit the value of the other's goal. All that time they were really working together in some great task, to discover and deduce and draw a world picture that would be truthful and conformed to reality, both in intricate detail and general broad design.

It often happened that out of the experimental maze that physicists drew and followed with such care and patience, a line would emerge and sweep and curve up to the unseen limits of the wall on which they were working. How often, too, the physicist by gloriously ingenious devices tried to follow that curve to its end or junction but he tried in vain for he could only go so far and the mystery of that line would be there always, it seemed. There was no harm in acknowledging a mystery but the physicist was unwilling to do that, and so, with his untrained mind—untrained for pure speculation—he entered the realm of the metaphysician. The line the physicist's instruments drew was firm, unwavering, and above all certainly true but the line the physicist's speculation drew was weak, discontinuous,



shaky and often turned back on itself, and then indeed there were weird scrawls drawn on the wall of knowledge.

When the Quantum Theory, a speculative theory ingeniously fitted to and based on experience seemed to lead to a denial of free will and the Existence of God, strange and devious were the twistings and turnings of the scientific mind to untangle the web of contradictory experience. Here was science which had based its very existence and all its conclusions and magnificent results on the principle of causality and led apparently to a denial of this very principle; the one which enabled it to make its much vaunted advances and which was its very life blood and its nourishment. Some physicists, in desperation, said their senses were unreliable and so contradiction could never be proved.

Some said the principle was just a tool, useful for a while, but then to be disposed of when no longer useful. Some said "Deny the principle of causality." The wise ones answered "But that logically denies the existence of God and Free Will." "Well, deny them, too," it was insisted. When the results to human society of such a denial were envisioned, many demurred. Yet the battle went on until indeed the very purpose of physics seemed to be forgotten. It should have been apparent to them, but it was not, that their instruments, which were experimental data, and their senses, had limits and they had reached these limits. The radius of their instruments was limited and could only draw a true line of a certain radius and beyond that other instruments would have to be used.

The metaphysician had that instrument and had used it for hundreds of years. With his mind and logical arguments as his tools the metaphysician draws a line of much larger radius, that is, however, just as true and exact as the scientist draws with the tool of observational data.

But the instrument of the metaphysician has its limitations, too. The philosopher could only draw the broad outline of the mural of the Universe, leaving the scientist to fill in the intricate details, which because the Universe was made by the All Wise, certainly must fit in and make a coherent whole.

It was when the metaphysician unwarily tried to draw the intricate details he fell into disrepute and came to be distrusted by scientist and layman. One cannot draw a good blueprint with a pencil of charcoal.

Thomson, in his book "The Common Sense of Science", tells us how a famous scholastic philosopher, basing his conclusions on logical arguments, tried to prove even without verifying his results by experimental data and notwithstanding direct observational evidence to the contrary, that the earth could not possibly move in an orbit around the sun. Some of his reasons were so cogent and logical that some of the principles he postulated have been used since to good advantage by scientists.

He was wrong, of course, because he went directly opposite to observational facts and the only way these facts can be denied is to deny the truthfulness of the message the five senses bring to the mind. No philosopher would deny this, at least no scholastic philosopher. He tried to use his mind unsupported by his senses, that is, by pure speculation, to solve a problem that required, in addition to the mind, certain facts on the inate behaviour of matter, which no amount of logical arguing will change. The instrument he used was too blunt to draw all the intricate details of the Construction of the Universe.

Thus, because the physicist and metaphysicist did not realize they were working on the same picture, though each with a different instrument and from different

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FOURTH HIGH A

1st row: W. Doyle, F. Porteous, Vice-President, E. Emberg, President, A. McDonald, Secretary, R. Duffy, Mr. D. Stanley, S.J.

2nd row: P. Racz, P. O'Reilly, M. Bishop, V. Chartier, R. Weldon, P. Graham.

3rd row: R. Cronin, P. de Verteuil, W. Brayley, R. Swinton, G. Kelly.

4th row: P. Tansey, J. O'Connor, R. Lara, J. O'Brien, S. Narizzano, J. Wilkins, P. Devaux, D. Walsh.

5th row: F. Bedford, J. Kastner, D. Ledoux, E. Commins, L. Sherwood, E. Meagher.





FOURTH HIGH B

1st row: M. Lynch, T. Murphy, C. Tabio, R. Dungan.

2nd row: F. Ryan, F. Davis, R. d'Esterre, C. Aldaya, B. Stachiewicz.

3rd row: B. Bossy, J. Stachiewicz, O. Higgins, G. Morley, J. Muir.

4th row: J. Lewis, R. Limoges, F. Kelley, A. Pigeon, P. Shaughnessy, I. Orr.

5th row: S. Frankowski, F. Londono, J. Parker.

Standing: Left to Right: H. Aldaya, R. Fauteux, F. Kohler, J. Carrière, L. Davis, A. Molina, S. Scollard, E. Delaney, J. Gratton.



aspects, because the zeitgeist and other forces tended to pull them apart, so that during the last century and a half they did not work together at the common task, the world has suffered much and the advance of human knowledge stopped for many years. As a great scientist has said: "If the break with the philosophical tradition had not been so abysmal in the 17th century, then much of the confusion of the 19th century and today would have been spared mankind."

We add, "and the chaos of muddled thinking would not have disturbed the very foundations of our civilization, the free will of man and the dignity of his mortal soul would be today unquestioned and God in His heaven would be undis-

turbed by the doubts of His people and the madness of His nations."

SENIOR CLUB

Chi, Senior Resident Students High School Club, met in the study hall to elect the executive for the coming year. Mr. John A. McCarthy, S.J., Moderator presided over the assembly and received nominations. The results of the elections were as follows:

President. THOMAS MURPHY, H.S., '41.

Vice-President. JAMES MUIR, H.S., '41.

Secretary-Treas. CESAR ALDAYA, H.S., '41.

Senior Councillors. FRANK KELLEY HUGO ALDAYA

Junior Councillors. JOSEPH TOUS MICKEY CARRIÈRE

During the academic year, the executive revised the "smoker" membership and through the co-operation of Father Sutton and the boys, the club was re-furnished. This accomplishment is a tribute to Fourth High members who were thus instrumental in giving tangible proof of their esteem for the Alpha Sigma Chi.

Graduate members of this Club will bear no grudge if the Vice-President makes known to posterity their pet peeve, their pet saying and secret ambition; so lets start our introduction and farewell

with

TOM MURPHY:—Although two years an executive, Tom still hates to put a cigarette butt in an ash-tray when the floor is so near at hand.

Pet Saying: "I'll pay you when Mark opens."

Pet Peeve: Being called "Georgina".

Secret Ambition: To own a cigarette factory.

CESAR ALDAYA:—Cuba's contribution to Pete's. Cesar has shown himself adept in football, discuss, shot-put, ping-pong and above all as the Mike Jacobs and boxing promoter and manager of the High School mittmen.

Pet Saying: "At my home . . ."

Pet Peeve: Examinations.

Secret Ambition: To visit Quebec.



HUGO ALDAYA:—Latin America's contribution to the ladies. Hugo intends taking up a law career in Havana University.

Pet Saying: "I went to Scott's today AND . . . "

Pet Peeve: Being called "Square Meal".

Secret Ambition: To inhale without choking.

FRANK KELLEY:—Due to an unfortunate football accident, Frank missed out on social life for a while and, according to latest reports, has been making up for it ever since. Where's Betty?

Pet Saying: "Well Joe told me . . . "

Pet Peeve: Anyone who doesn't agree with him.

Secret Ambition: To find someone else who says, "I could doubt that."

CARLOS TABIO:—Another of our Cuban friends who really distinguished himself in the pigskin parade, track and missing Chapel. This is probably Charlie's last year at Loyola and we join in wishing him the very best of luck.

Pet Saying: "I don't give a heck what HE says."

Pet Peeve: Being told to shave.

Secret Ambition: To hear Kay say "YES".

FRANK LONDONO:—Truly styled the Medellin Meteor, Frank acquitted himself nobly in the Dominion Championship Track Meet at McGill.

Pet Saying: "It looks better in Colambia."

Pet Peeve: Being called the "Banana King of South America".

Secret Ambition: To visit Three Rivers and find out a few things.

MAURICE LYNCH:—Sydney's contribution to the War Effort. Maurice is to be congratulated on receiving his commission in the Cape Breton Highlanders. And what a Field Day announcer.

Pet Saying: "I remember once at home . . ."

Pet Peeve: Someone who called him sregeant.

Secret Ambition: To get the rest of us in uniform.

RICHARD WELDON:—Fresh out of Lasalle, Dick showed himself to be a superb horseman.

Pet Saying: "Boy if you had been to Lasalle."

Pet Peeve: His two brothers Bob and Bill.

Secret Ambition: To catch Bill in wrong.

PETER GRAHAM:—Lately of St. Leo's, Peter came to Loyola to complete his studies.

Pet Saying: "Boy, did I give plenty of cigarettes out today."

Pet Peeve: Someone else who can flash a large package.

Secret Ambition: To win a Ski Meet.

JULES CARRIERE:—Hailing from Amos, Jules was prevented from playing hockey because of shall we say difficulty with the Faculty.

Pet Saying: "Pass the potatoes."

Pet Peeve: Someone who asks where Amos is.

Secret Ambition: To become Mayor of Amos.

LAWLOR DAVIS:—Kapuskasing's (North of Little America) representative to Loyola, Lawlor has become professor Quiz's greatest rival.

Pet Saying: "When will you pay me that buck, Muir?"

Pet Peeve: Being called "shorty".

Secret Ambition: To complete the Charles Atlas Course.



FRANK DAVIS:—Lawlor's brother, Frank has become Kapuskasing's leading rug-cutter. When there is a check up at night in the Dorm—everyone is at the Tic Toc.

Pet Saying: "And do you know what she says . . . "

Pet Peeve: Being called "Boots".

Secret Ambition: To own a Nickelodeon.

AUGUSTO MOLINA:—Next year Gus will attend M.I.T. studying Chemical Engineering. Best of luck Gus. All the Molina's are real Loyola men, and Gus was no exception. A half-back par excellence on our Junior High Team and a boxer and trackman of some little prowess.

Pet Saying: "I think I passed."

Pet Peeve: Someone who asks whether Mexico belongs to the U.S.A.

Secret Ambition: To become President of Mexico.

PATRICK DEVAUX:—St. Thomas is proud of Pat. Boxer and track star, he is one of our most stalwart supporters. A terror for being late.

Pet Saying: "You Four 'B' Guys!"

Pet Peeve: Someone who says Ireland is right. Secret Ambition: To win the Elocution Medal.

ERNEST DELANEY: Montreal's gift to the 400. Ernest has girl friends galore. Ernie is going to take up Agriculture at MacDonald College next Autumn.

Pet Saying: "Gotta Butt?"

Pet Peeve: Being called "Ernest".

Secret Ambition: To fill out the shoulders of his suit.

JOHN WILKINS:—Farnham's "Eve Arden". John will probably be back at the College next year. A top notch student and a quiet likeable fellow.

Pet Saying: "Did I ever have fun!"
Pet Peeve: Not being called "JAKE".
Secret Ambition: To get curly hair.

JAMES PARKER:—Hailing from St. John's, Nfld., Jimmy is our leading chess and checker player. Incidently, Jim also holds the track record for the 440. He and Delaney are going to room together at MacDonald's next year.

Pet Saying: "I can't see that."

Pet Peeve: Anyone who critizes Newfoundland.

Secret Ambition: To pass in Algebra.

There are other luminaries of the Alpha Sigma Chi who we hope will carry the torch as we hand it down to them. These Third Year High students who will succeed us have a grand tradition to uphold and we pass this trust on to them. More in particular will be heard about the youngsters in our next Review.

Written by the Vice-President,

JAMES MUIR, H.S., '41.





MAPPING THE METEORS

By RICHARD CRONIN

"star" falls: swiftly and silently, racing through the outer atmosphere, and dying in a blaze of glory in a futile attempt to reach earth. Not all of these attempts, however, have proved futile. In Arizona there is a crater about three-quarters of a mile long and one hundred and fifty feet deep, which was formed by the prehistoric fall of a huge meteor: airplane views of certain regions of the Carolinas reveal numerous oval craters, some of them a mile or more in length—ages ago this region was bombarded by a swarm of meteors. A great group of meteors fell in the densely wooded stretches of Siberia in 1908: they devastated miles of rich timber land. And so these blazing messengers of the gods, who, could they speak, might tell many a weird tale of the "Ether Trail", are not altogether harmless.

These falling stars are, in fact, particles of meteoric matter, ranging in size from marbles to fair-sized rocks. Occasionally they are much larger. As these bodies, flying through space, come into contact with the upper strata of the earth's atmosphere, the friction created by their arrested flight heats them into incadescent globules. We see them as luminous streaks forty or fifty miles above the earth. Usually they burn up and fade out, sometimes leaving a trail of light behind them, and drop to the ground in the form of a fine metallic dust. It has been estimated that many tons of matter are thus added to the mass of the earth annually.

At one time or another, you have all seen meteors, or "shooting stars", as they are commonly called. You may have played the ancient game of "Counting the Falling Stars", while reclining on a hillside under the open sky. Many, I know, have marvelled at the brightness and lucidity of these "fiery arrows of the gods." But did you ever consider charting the paths of these nomads of space, which move with almost the speed of light?

One night last August, a party of ten Scouts or so, of which I was one, under the leadership of Mr. E. R. Paterson from headquarters, made this most interesting experiment. We had been detailed by the Scout Commission to chart a special wave of meteors, due at that time. The results were to be sent to the observatory at Toronto. Similar groups had been stationed at different vantage posts across Canada.

We arrived at Bois Franc, a Scout week-end camp-site about three miles outside Cartierville, approximately one mile from the air-port; time about nine p.m. It is an ideal observation site, lying as it does away from highways and the interfering glare of lights in the centre of a large open space. We were divided into four teams of two each—one to face each point of the compass. The two remaining Scouts assisted Mr. Paterson. Each group arranged their blankets in the direction to be covered, their heads towards the centre of the circle thus formed. Mr. Paterson and his aides sat in the middle of us at small tables, equipped with dimmed flash lamps, charts,—all the paraphernalia needed to chart the meteors. There were timers, ticking at one second intervals to help us time the duration of each meteor's flight: watches to gauge the exact time each "star" falls. While we arranged all this, Mr. Paterson after focusing his camera on the section of sky where the meteors would



be thickest, made very black coffee, "to keep you nuts awake while you're lying

down star-gazing.'

We downed the coffee with biscuits and cakes, and started on our business for the night. The sky was wonderfully clear and dark making the stars stand out like miniature spot-lights rather than hazy points of light. On the Northern Horizon quite low, there was a slight aurora borealis. We hoped it would not spread upward to interfere with our show. The "stars" were already in play as we got last minute instructions:

"When you spot a meteor in your own district," said Mr. Paterson, "Shout Time". I'll note down the exact time, give you its number (25th or 453rd). You tell me its approximate magnitude and its characteristics—whether it left a trail of light, split in half, S-curved, and its duration. Mark its path immediately on your

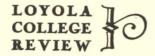
map, with its number beside it.'

Equipped with maps and flashlights, we crawled into our blankets. The maps covered our section of the heavens, showing its main constellations. Each of us had two maps, for each half of the night; for the constellations swing round (apparently) as the earth rotates on its axis. So we settled down to work. I call it "work" though that is a misnomer. A job as novel and thrilling as ours hardly warranted that misleading appellation. Still it was not as easy as we had anticipated. We were naturally a little anxious (to beat the other teams in the country) and there was little talking at first: no noise except the singing of crickets and the high-pitched whirring of mosquitos-"almost quiet enough to hear the flash of the meteors" as one of the fellows put it. For the first twenty minutes or so, things moved slowly with only one or two meteors a minute. Our eyes sometimes played us tricks; and we could only check on an hallucination by asking our partners. Now and then an argument arose about details. Did No. 213 leave a trail of light behind it? Or had it curved to the east, rather than towards the west? Was it of number two magnitude or number four? (Magnitude of meteors is reckoned by the apparent brightness of adjacent stars). Added to these bickerings among us tyro "magi", was keen competition between teams. Mr. Paterson was kept busy keeping up with us in his calculations and changing films in his camera.

Yet occasionally the human element came into play to break the monotony of his work. Said he during a lull: "That's 297 so far."—"Time?" queried one lad, wondering how long we'd been at it. "Ah! that's 298!" said the leader with a

chuckle, as everyone hooted.

And so we spent the night, from ten p.m. until one a.m., watching the skies closely for those evasive streaks. We chalked up 397 to our credit, breaking the record which had been around 300. We hated to stop; and only grudgingly admitted that we were a little sleepy. But Mr. Paterson decided it was time to close up shop. "Besides, those Northern lights have crept up; and the sky is rather hazy," he said. He was pleased with our fine work, as was Dr. Millman of the David Dunlap observatory in Toronto. He greatly values the observations made by Scouts, having recently used one of our Scout charts in an exhibition. For our night's work, we got our names in the local papers, an article in the Scientific Monthly, and a print of three excellent meteor snaps Mr. Paterson had taken. And perhaps best of all, there was the invitation to do the same job next year—an invitation eagerly, if sleepily, accepted by all.



"Four A Forum"

These verses tell the sober truth
About 4 A, the flower of youth.
A het'rogeneous aggregation
They typify their generation.
Both wit and "jit", both brain and blank,
We've tough and rough; we've suave and swank.
We've got a few with a classical bug,
But almost all can cut a rug.

Eddie the Emberg, valiant son
Of Valois—he heads all that's run:
Hockey, football Captain—yes!
He's also President of our class.
We've Allan Mac—his only vice
You see in his title—and on ice
Four "A' 's Vice-Presidential pride
Is really never off his stride.
Treasurer Porteous' frank and fair
"Where's the ink-money?—I should care!"
A bit of an Einstein in things mathematic;
If you ask him to spell, he's a trifle erratic.
There's Billy—"I'm-good-just-ask-me"—Doyle
Deft, casual, bland, unused to toil.
He loves to slip Paul Racz the "biz"—
(Paul Q., the Geeman—middle name's Quiz).

Of this (our intellectual) Racz
He gets cross-questioned Jebbies cross.
Don't call him Rats—ungodly crime!
Pronounce it Ross; and watch it rhyme!
Of course there's Chartier—Val (no "more")
Has "savoir faire": (he opens the door)
On the football field he's fleet as a whippet;
Was a goalless goalie until—aw, skip ii!
Then Dick the Theologian.—"Boy!"
Star-gazing is his special joy:
Boy scouts, and math, and telephonin'
Are also hobbies—right! it's Cronin.

And Jim O'Connor's hardly ever,
Caught off base.—My dear, he's clever!
To class, to grid, to rink he went,
And jittered his way to 100%.
Yoy may have heard of Pat Devaux
History's his line—and the "status quo".
Now if your craze is photographic
Meet Silvio, Bill and Pete—Seraphic
Cerise-moustachioed Dave Ledoux
Says: "I love these moonlight drives. Do you?"
Of Peter the grinning Graham we say:
We're glad you came: we hope you stay.
Bedford Fred's the class cartoonist;
He'll likely earn big money soonest.

The Ottawa Sherwood's our only Livius He'll be a lawyer—but p'raps we're previous. There's Bishop and Vanier and Dicky Duff From over the sea—do they know their stuff! Why here comes dashing, blushing Swinton, Good at skiin' and at (sprintin') Then Pat O'Reilly (plus violin) He's thoughtful and clever and rather thin. Say skipper, who's that little tough guy? I'll be hanged-that's Pete deVerteuil! Then we go skipping along to Meagher Who still can hardly drive a car. O'Brien Jack controls the Missa And the Misses-Oh! what is a History, Greek or Cicero class, Without Jack's chatter to make time pass! John Wilkins' a lad both dapper and deep-If he don't read in class, he's fallen asleep. Then Commins and Kelly and Walsh and Weldon (Sounds like a law firm).—If you want a sale done See Kastner or Lara. Would there were space, To tell about each, but this isn't the place!

-ANON.

CHRONICLE OF THIRD HIGH A

EVER lose a good opportunity''—Here, it seems to us, is an excellent occasion to sum up the achievements and particularly the success in scholastic enterprise attained by our class during the past year

enterprise attained by our class during the past year.

We are proud of a record which tells us that almost one-half of our number flies the banner of at least second-class honours (80%). This, I believe, places us on certainly the same level as the best classes of Loyola, and upon this reputation we may well look with a certain amount of justifiable pride and satisfaction.

At the beginning of the year, we immediately settled down and began our job as any model class is expected to; and we have adopted, not only for this year but for good, the motto of "Work before (but not to the exclusion of), play."

Besides educational endeavours, we undertook various other activities, such as the Penny Scholarship Fund and all the intra-mural sports. Third High A was the third class, of the thirteen in the



But to every man there openeth A high way and a low, And every man decideth The way his soul shall go.

JOHN OXENHAM

On embarking on some high enterprise, there is a certain strength in the thought that one is not alone. Such companionship brings with it not merely the help of cooperative effort, but gives to each individual as well the comforting reassurance that the course on which he has entered is a right one, the means taken the proper to attain the goal.

Each May and June there departs from the halls of Jesuit schools a great army of trained graduates taking their places in the world where they find countless others who have followed the same course of training, and who have found that it has blessed them with sound principles enabling them to meet life breast to breast. Thank God we graduates of Loyola will not be members of that sicklier hand of natures who, despairing of finding within themselves the strength to meet difficulties, to shoulder responsibilities, quest everywhere for a superman, who alone is responsible, whom all are bound blindly to obey.

A sound philosophy has shown us that life itself is a responsibility from which death is the only emancipation. And each man is fundamentally the moulder of his own destiny,—rage how they will the exterior forces which circumstance him round—since each will decide his eternal destiny for eternal weal or woe. This was the fundamental doctrine of Inigo of Loyola, "vince teipsum", conquer yourself,—a soldierly ring to the words. This too in our own day the doctrine of those Jesuit sons of St. Ignatius to whose hands our affectionate parents have entrusted a large part of our formation.

YOUTH

Despite the fact that it has been the butt of the cynical cartoonist and humorist, there is something grand and gallant about the confidence and hope with which youth, and particularly youth stepping from the class room to the greater school of life, faces the future. Thank God for it! Confidence and hope, courage and fortitude will be needed by the men entering the lists of life in this solemn hour of world crisis. They are not unaware of the difficulties ahead, these laughing boys of the glorious 'teens. Radio and newspaper make clear the chaos of the times, and intensive military training has lent a grim and sobering tone to the gay panorama of school life. But in religion classes, in Sodality conferences, in the philosophy lecture room, they have caught a glimpse of 'the glory of the coming of the Lord,' and humbly confident in the protection of the Lord God of hosts, and under the leadership of His Divine Son, they march resolutely into an anarchic and stricken world.





school, to reach the twenty-five dollar mark for the P. S. F., and I assure you the money was well earned.

In the intra-mural games, football, hockey and softball, we managed to win three, grand, "moral" victories; but I hasten to add that we had sacrificed nine of our best athletes to the School's football teams and six to the hockey teams. We alone had the distinction of using our own, original cheers at the class sports. Class-spirit, always subordinated to school-spirit, was so fostered that no matter what we took part in, we were always one hundred per cent behind those who represented us.

During the month of May, we boasted the finest shrine in honour of Our Blessed Mother (to quote the words of a visiting professor) in the entire College. Nor did our devotion to Her stop with

That briefly indicates the highlights of our school-year. And as we look back over the educational labour, our sports, our other activities, we may feel justly pleased with the results that have crowned our efforts, justly proud of the class-spirit, unity and generosity that were fostered.

Then, finally, we may turn our admiration and respect, our obedience and love into fervent prayers of thanksgiving to God for giving us one so capable of guiding Third High A through the year's work as our own class teacher.

THE CLASS PRESIDENT.

SECOND HIGH A IN RETROSPECT

E are on the home stretch and are going to pause for a few moments to look back on a very successful year, and give you some of our impressions. After we tell you how we, as a class, made our presence felt this year, we shall become slightly personal and do some dismantling of parts to see just what made us tick.

First of all we are a brainy bunch. The Dean's Honor List always had a good many of our names on it. We gave a rattling good Specimen of what we had done in English, French, etc., and when the Elocution Contest rolled around, we had eight representatives, four of whom reached the finals. In sports, too, we were always up there at the top. We made the finals in football, hockey, and softball. We have two boxing champs, speedy sprinters who kept Loyola's name up in the Interscholastic Track Meet. And I ask you, what would the school Bantam teams have done without our generous cooperation.

Let's adjust the microscope and examine the parts that kept this marvellous machine purring along so smoothly. In early September we put our heads together and elected a wonderful executive. President Don Bussière has justified our choice in every way. In class and on the field he has been a real leader. His private life and all the heart flutters he has caused among Montreal's maidens are outside the scope of this work. For further information on this point see 'Sylph' Rondina, Don's secretary, who tends to his Date-Book. Vice-President Ed Boyce, Barre, Vermont's contribution to our assemblage was fine as V.P., but he just about drove Teacher crazy with his stock question, "Gee, Father, are we responsible for that?" Bernie Gollop, our smiling Secretary-Treasurer, did not have very many greenbacks to play with, so he took to bagging birds and nineties. In both he was a colossal success.

Now meet us, the governed. From Chicago hails Sleepy Joe Sheen, who can argue his way out of the tightest corners. Big-hearted Drury Allen has certainly done his share to make Teacher's room look like a pawn shop what with all the books and gadgets he has provided. From Venezuela we have Joe Colmenares, our boxing champ and authority on the meaning of strange English words. With him comes Jose Mateu, a sartorially resplendent gent who rhumbas à la Miranda they say. Luis Saldana, intimate friend of the President of Mexico, generally likes to do things "another" way. When it comes to Architecture, however, he conforms. His drawings recently gained him a ninety-eight per cent from the Minneapolis School of Art. Antonio de Souza, "Souzie" to his friends, is awfully shy.

Teacher: All right, give us the memory, Souzie.

Souzie: (Pause) One kiss my bonny (Pause, gulp) sweetheart. I'm......

Teacher: Start over, and don't be bashful, and please don't swallow your hand.



Though we, the boys, speak the King's English at all times, we can't say the same for Teacher. He will deny this, but little John Vanier all the way from Merry England, has undeniable proof in a little notebook crammed with "queer" expressions, as he calls them, which our maestro has barked out at various times in the heat of battle. We're not blaming him too much, however, as the temperature becomes pretty torrid at times. Roland "Mickey" Carrière they say has his eye on the

mayor's office in Amos. If he runs for mayor as he runs for Loyola, he is a cinch.

And now meet the day-scholars, that gallant band that braves winter winds and spring showers day in and day out. Albert Boisjoli and Louis Renaud from nearby, do their part to keep our standards high. Terry Murphy, the Poet of Spring, shines at Third High Chemistry and Aeronautics as well. Jimmy Leahy has not quite recovered from a major disappointment. He was abed the night our Bantams played off at the Forum. Better luck next year, Jim. Brian Danaher plays with baby brother while doing his Algebra it is claimed, but no one kids him about it because Brian is our other boxing champ. Johnny Meagher is walking around on air these days as Claude Corbitt is starring at bat and afield. John himself was the hero of a number of Bantam football and hockey games. Gordon "Now I ask you" Panneton can get into and out of an argument faster than any of us. From an artistic point of view his examination papers are worth about minus ten, but 'quoad' matter they're 'tops'. Charley Phelan, the Candid Camera expert, is not quite sure yet whether he is supposed to major in Graphology or Calligraphy. Woo Woo's laundry tickets are clear as day compared with some of Charley's Algebra or Latin Home Work. Lawrence Doherty and Paul Orr belong to that noble band of public benefactors, the Boy Scouts. Marshal Goering's collection of badges, ribbons, cords, etc., just isn't mentioned in the same breath with theirs. Lorne "Champ" Camirand has one for Picturesque Speech: "When you feel like exercise, just lie down till the feeling passes away." The saying may not be original, but Lorne surely puts it into practice. Disbelievers in this theory of inactivity are dashing Philip Faughnan and debonair Vic Ryan, model students inasmuch as they hail from the town of Mount Royal. Vic, the very image of Baby Sondy, was cheated out of a movie contract by a curl, they say. Lionel Walsh and Bob Johnson were inseparable in and out of class. Finally, for everyone's peace of mind, it was decided they would be inseparable just out of class. Now both are doing well. Hughie Kerrin, the apple of our Greek teacher's eye, is just one of those interested in knowing whether Bill Humes' Helen can compare with the Helen of Troy he has read about so often in Homer. If she does, Howard A. McDonough (forget the initials) our own great Canadian writer, plans to devote all the time and energy he can spare to glorifying her in his own inimitable way. You can bet it will be his own and really inimitable. We have all heard fish-stories and believed some of them; the same fate has caught up with Frank Connors' "Horse Tales". We must concede one point, however, he really has a horse. How do we know?—show them the pictures, Frank. Walter "Mystery-man" Kurys (except to Claude Dorion) is a whiz at the books. We all wish Claude would imitate his pal a trifle (except to Claude Dorion) is a whiz at the books. We all wish Claude would imitate his pal a trifle more closely, and II A would have another eighty per-center to add to its list. John Mulligan has favoured us with his presence occasionally. Hard Luck, in the form of illness, hit John this year but next year will be different, we hope. Charles "Charlemagne" Trottier, the "new kid from Ste. Thérèse" won our esteem and admiration in short order. "Le professeur de Français" has no trouble peddling his "avoirs and êtres" except when Charley is present. The fur flies, antique grammars appear and the friendly(?) little duel is climaxed by "All right, I'll find out and let you know tomorrow. Any more questions?"—and we all take the hint from the "don't you dare ask any more" tone. Last but far from least we have Monsieur François Girard, a newcomer to our midst. He came tone. Last but far from least we have Monsieur François Girard, a newcomer to our midst. He came up from Prep at Christmas, and fitted right in. "La Belle France" can justly be proud of her contribution to the best of all classes, Second High A.

THE CLASS.



THIRD HIGH A

Ist row: R. Dawson, K. Norris, J. O'Neill, Vice-President, G. Driscoll, President, R. Farrell, Secretary, Mr. J. L. Corrigan, S.J.

2nd row: D. Ellard, Q. Payette, C. Malone, C. Saylor, J. Malo, H. Hall, G. St. Cyr, J. Reid, J. Carley, A. Milledge, J. Cain, G. Davis.

3rd row: R. Breen, M. Zambrano, E. Shatilla, J. Mercier, E. Burns, G. Curran, J. McEachern, A. Beauregard.

4th row: P. Ready, P. Graham, M. Asselin, P. Sheehan, P. Shaughnessy, D. Donovan, A. Bortnowski.





THIRD HIGH B

1st row: E. McConomy, D. Duffy, Vice-President, R. Stevens, President, S. Corcoran, Secretary, Mr. J. Leahy, S.J.

2nd row: E. Larrabure, D. McCulloch, J. Lorden, M. McMahon, J. Square, F. Gendron, T. Seasons.

3rd row: J. Gallagher, J. Ross, R. Casey, G. Jones, E. Rossi.

4th row: R. Carrière, H. Burrowes, J. Gallagher, J. Roney, L. Harvey.

5th row: L. McGuire, B. Potter, M. Mangan, J. McNally, J. Leslie, D. Porteous.



SECOND HIGH A

Ist row. Mr. J. Toppings, S.J., R. Johnson, H. Kerrin, E. Boyce, Vice-President, D. Bussière, President, B. Gollop, Secretary, B. Danaher, L. Saldana.

2nd row: J. Vanier, F. Girard, G. Panneton, J. Leahy, S. Rondina, J. Meagher.

3rd row: L. Camirand, V. Ryan, P. Faughnan, W. Humes.

4th row. L. Walsh, R. Carrière, W. Kurys, C. Dorion, H. McDonough, A. de Souza.

5th row: J. Mateu, L. Doherty, D. Allen, C. Trottier, L. Renaud, P. Orr, J. Sheen, A. Colmenares.

6th row: T. Murphy, A. Boisjoli, J. Mulligan, F. Connors, C. Phelan.

SECOND HIGH B

Ist row: O. Maloney, V. Luciani, E. Langan, Vice-President, F. Langan, President, J. Lally, Secretary, L. Brennan, P. McAvoy.

2nd row: Mr. T. L. Carroll, S.J., W. Kennedy, R. Boyle, K. Burns, G. Flanagan, J. Callaghan, W. McCarney, V. Amengual.

3rd row: A. Larrea, T. Cox, G. De La Haba, J. Tous, J. Reeder.

4th row: L. Facella, J. McMullen, P. McGee, D. Kierans, G. Gallagher, D. Willcock, J. Boileau.

5th row: C. Kane, H. Dansereau, G. McDonough, J. Daley, E. Corrigan, W. Labine, R. Colmenares, R. McDougall, M. McArdle, C. Kohler.



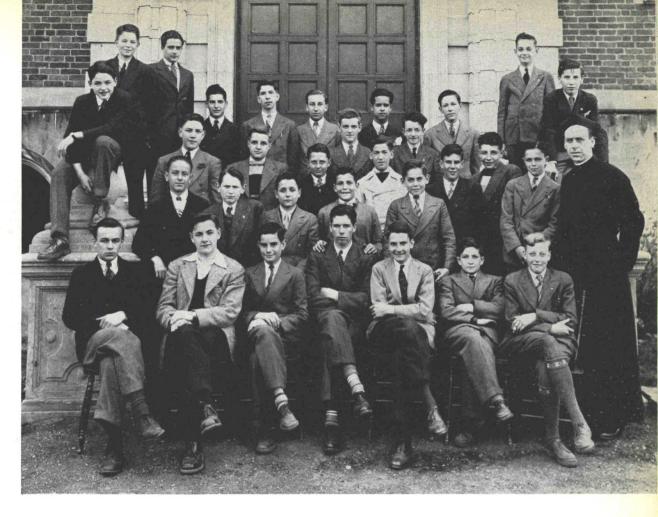
FIRST HIGH A

1st row. Al. Brown, G. Panopalis, L. Stewart, D. Shaughnessy, President, J. Fonseca, R. Clarke, J. Bureau.

2nd row: A. St. Denis, A. Browne, J. Salcau, R. Sutherland, L. Melançon, G. Molina, Mr. J. P. McDonough, S.J.

3rd row. C. Simard, G. Wilcock, P. Comeau, E. McNamara, G. Emblem, P. Dennis, T. Bonner.

4th row: R. Maher, M. Arizpe, H. Magnan, R. Cadieux, J. Sardi, C. Brown, L. LeBrun, P. Cutler, R. Browne, R. Perras, J. Malcolm.





FIRST HIGH B

Ist row: P. Lennon, R. Finlayson, M. LaLiberté, Secretary, E. Saldana, President, W. Tremblay, Vice-President, P. Norris, F. McKinney.

2nd row: M. O'Neill, H. Gregory, L. Hicks, T. Milway, P. Bützer, T. Carter, D. Murphy, J. Barrière.

3rd row: M. Cashin, G. Hemming, H. Hudon, F. Mateu, L. Charbonneau.

4th row: W. Pelton, P. Delicaet, A. Cochrane, P. Fauteux, G. LeBrun, K. McCarney, E. O'Brien.

5th row: W. Drouin, P. Bégin, R. Charette, R. Brown.

6th row: R. Ingall, D. MacLean, N. McDonald, Mr. F. X. Birns, S.J., P. Marchand, V. Litchfield, E. Dennis, D. Dohan.



PREPARATORY

1st row: B. Connolly, J. McManus, D. Cunningham, R. Sutherland, B. Boyle, W. Hammond, A. Jones, R. Jelley, R. Coates, E. Simon, F. McHugh.

2nd row: Mr. W. G. Bourgeois, M. Janna, J. Lord, R. Philion, R. Elie, F. Girard, G. Souaid, A. Harrison, Peter Simon, R.I.P.

3rd row: H. Jacobs, H. Hannon, B LeBlanc, M. Daubeny, J. Nugent, P. Girard, C. Bortnowski, S. Jackman, A. Bortnowski, J. Lanthier.

THE MIGHTY MITES OF PREP

Ist row: D. Toner, E. Simon, D. Cunningham, E. McNamara, R. Sutherland, R. Philion.

2nd row: B. Connolly, B. Doyle, J. Lanthier, B. LeBlanc, P. Tremblay, A. McDonald, Coach.





SECOND HIGH B

(Class Chronicle)

AYE, gover'r, they're a queer lot, but jolly good fellows." After many months of arduous work, this reliable locomotive still rolls ahead ever onwards, keeping the stronger, while dropping the weak. It needs no engine; a modern device, called a robot takes its place. Mr. Carroll, S.J., our teacher, is the fireman heaping coals on the fires of our knowledge.

The bumper on the engine is Paul McGee who is invariably at the head of the class and sustains the shock of the most difficult questions. The huge wheels are four of our leading scholars: Callaghan, Kennedy, Flanagan and Guimond, who set a lively pace for the others. The whistle, a small affair, but a good noise-maker, is none other than Owen Maloney, the midget of the class. Jerry McDonough, a man of altitude, a diligent muncher of contraband goods, can be compared to the engine furnace with its voracious appetite for carbonized matter. Kohler and McCarney, frequently threatening and striving to overcome the leaders, form the coal-car of the Second B express.

The mail-car with its heavy load of John Boileau's correspondence and Corrigan's cartoons is followed by the baggage-car weighed down with the dog-eared books and shabby scribblers. Trainman Kane who examines the wheels occupies a berth in the baggage-car.

Next follow a number of cars. In the first we see J. Daley and Bob Boyle, strong, silent, young men, athletes and scholars. There is Ray MacDougall, crack shot and Second B's representative in the C.O.T.C. As inseparable as driver and engine are our President and Vice-President, those well-known twins, Ed. and Fr. Langan, who cannot get along without pal John McMullen. Jerry Gallagher, our Senior hockey star, stares away at the ever changing sky.

Who is this?—Oh the conductor or our genial master of ceremonies (we have a case now; let's open it) Mr. Joe (Red) Dansereau, alias Hayward.

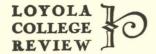
Our express has a car borrowed from the South American Lines, which was easily linked up with the others on which we are proud to carry Colmenares, Tous, Larrea, and De la Haba, the South American Gauchos. All are very good in English and Spanish, especially Spanish. The sleeper of our train is red-thatched Kierans, a frequent visitor to the land of nod. When not employed at this arduous task, he is a good student. Luciani, sometimes an occupant of the sleeping-car, becomes alert when there is an exam in the near future only as long as it stays in the near future. Brennan makes his way back to the parlour-car where he will find seated in its comfortable chairs such familiar figures as Burns, Cox, Reeder, the new addition to the class, and Little John Lally, ready ears to hear the praises of Verdun, but only ears; there also sits Labine, Arvida's Andy Devine, humming ever so softly "Down on the farm". L. Facella finds the strains a likely barrier to his insurance talk.

Entering the smoking-car we find Paul McGee looking over the tantalized faces of Pat McAvoy and McArdle and Willcock as they listen to the tales of Mr. Moyer, B.A. McGee eager for some fun calls attention to his ancient effort and recites:—

Led by President Langan, F. with help from brother E., And assistance from its efficient sec. Mr. John Lally 2B has reached great heights this term In its efforts both to play and learn.

The class has been neither sad nor sullen Thanks to Corrigan and McMullen; And Gallagher's joke with Boileau's pun Keeps the class supplied with fun.

A few of the Latin and Algebra men Are Callaghan, Boyle and Flanagan For ninety-five's in history We salute Cox, McCarney and Kennedy.



And so 2B with its very good name An excellent spirit doth proclaim And works its way through Latin and Math To make its mark on success's path.

There in the observation-car we find our genial friend V. (Fatstuff) Amengual whom we see only for a few fleeting seconds; he is unused to the chilling breezes of that remote position and moves up to the engine where he firmly establishes himself.

And so our express speeds along filled with expectation and hope for the future success of all its varied and variable occupants.

DAVID A. WILLCOCK, H.S., '43.

A Shrine

In Third High "B" a statue stands, A tiny Babe held in its hands, That marks Our Lady; at her feet A blood red light, pure and sweet Shines out amid the clustered plants.

It is our shrine; some days ago There were bare walls, but now, you know, 'Tis May, and so an altar stands

In Third High "B".

Bedecked in robes of regal blue, And sheets of white; and notice, too, The flowers that rear their heads on high; Our gift to Mary as we cry To her for peace and victory,

In Third High "B".

M. J. McMahon, III B.

Ballad Brief

(To A Red Cross Nurse)

Ye bonnie nurse of No Man's Land, How can ye bear this war? How can ye face the sorry sight Of torture, death and gore?

O carefree lass of No Man's Land, Who brave the bursting shell To take the wounded Scottish lads From this, tho' temp'ral, pain of Hell!

O white-veiled lass of No Man's Land, Your work is not in vain. Because of ye, a mother dear Will see her boy again.

O budding rose of No Man's Land, Who brave the battle-din, We kiltie-boys will fight with you, Till Andrew's Cross shall win.

GREGORY DRISCOLL, Third High A.

Invasion

There lie the ruins, where rose the spire.

O war, what havoc hast thou wrought!

Ravage by bomb and shell and fire!

Now looms a crater on the spot

Where stood the earthly home of God,

Where once the Priest or Bishop ate

The Flesh of Christ, received His Blood.

The grim hand of a nation's hate,
For all that's Christian, Godly, true,
Has buckled steel, has crumbled rock:
Has filled the spaces of the blue
With birds of war. And now a lock
On every avenue of hope
Has placed.

QUENTIN PAYETTE, Third High A.

Athletics

COLLEGE FOOTBALL

INTERCOLLEGIATE Sports were suspended for the duration. It is true that other colleges curtailed their activities so that military matters might be furthered, but in the opinion of many, the total abolition of all sports was too radical a step.

Football coming at the season of the year that it does and coinciding with the first stages of the OTC'S reorganization did not hamper to any great extent the advancement of military training. It was a great thing to be able during these days to find some diversion from the rather striking headlines of the times, and sport of any kind is the thing which will do just that.

Of course we realize that sport should be minimized under the circumstances, and to continue as previously would be to the detriment of all those who would like to apply their time to affairs military. But with Major Brennan as coach and at the same time instruction officer in our OTC, we were sure that no time which should go to C.O.T.C. matters went to football.

Proof of this lies in the fact that the Captain of our 1941 Rugby squad is now Pilot Officer "Eddie" Asselin busily engaged at present in fighter patrol work over London. Certainly there was no mistake made in playing a few exhibition games. Although no actual league existed the games the team played served to bring out the old peculiar "Maroon and White Spirit." Yes sir. Odds don't count with men who fight.

With the announcement that some few games were to be played, the students, like a bear heralded by spring, gradually slung off their lethargy and came to life. Once again the campus echoed with the cry of eager voices, the thud of pigskin and a general air of activity was everywhere dominant. Major Brennan still had Cardin, Shore, Mulcair, Kaine, Allen, Ryan and many other regulars. High School teams added McCallum, Warren, Braceland and power house "Pete" Shaughnessy. The Major took to his task immediately. An outstanding Alumnus and star on the 1937 championship team, Major Brennan gradually brought the boys up to a standard nothing short of sensational. Joe Cardin and 'Tiger' Shore were elected co-captains in mid-season to replace Eddie who received his call to the Air Force.

The opening contest was a bitter pill to swallow. The newest of new Alumni teams drawn from the finest of our 37, 38 and 39 squads served up another defeat in traditional fashion in a thrill-a-minute manner. Dick Paré, Phil Shaughnessy and Paul Ouimet carried the entire attack for the Men of Old. Phil passed once to Paré for a touch, passed again to Ouimet for another and made a beautiful interception for a third. Dick Paré was outstanding plunging with all his old-time zip.

The College was not outplayed, however, and at times successfully carried the Old Boys off their feet. The quick way in which the Alumni took advantage of situations spelled our defeat. Warren passed to Kaine 30 yards for the first Maroon and White touchdown. Jake Warren and Pete Shaughnessy carrying the ball almost every other time marched 95 yards for another unconverted major. It seems that the College played far sounder ball than their opponents in this tussle, but the quarter-backing of Norm Smith, together with the work of Paré and Phil Shaughnessy proved a trifle too much for them. Final score of game. Alumni 17, College 10.

Ottawa 8——Loyola 5

It was a clear hot day that saw the Collegian forces tangle with the Garnet and Grey of Ottawa. Some three thousand fans lined the field and crowded the grandstands, as Captains Cardin and Shore led the Loyolans onto the field. Ottawa boasted some heavy linemen and fast backfielders. Their boast was not far amiss. Captain Dufour of Ottawa had brought down a total of thirty men; Major



Paul Brennan had twenty men to throw into the fray. With less than five minutes of play gone, Pete Shaughnessy and Jake Warren carried the ball behind clever interference, some eighty-five yards for an unconverted touchdown. Warren carried it over on a thrust through center. Loyola featured some clever passing and lightning-fast darts to bring the ball deep into enemy territory only to have it fumbled. Ottawa now in possession advanced to midfield, where on a tremendous kick, Dufour scored a rouge. A bad kick, a twenty-five yard penalty for roughing placed Ottawa in possession on the Loyola one-yard line. Ottawa touched and converted to lead 7-5 at half time. A single rouge scored late in the last quarter completed the scoring for the day, Ottawa winning by 8-5. It was a very even struggle all the way, with advantage of the play going to Loyola. With the exception of the time when they scored their touch Ottawa never seriously threatened. Tremendous kicking made up for the ground-gaining plays Loyola hurtled at the Ottawa line. Dick Ryan and "Tiger" Shore, were the bulwarks of the Loyola front wall, with Warren, Shaughnessy, Braceland, Allen and Costigan backfield threats. Dufour, Driscoll, Tremblay, Harbic and McCullaugh were the best for Ottawa.

OTTAWA 22----LOYOLA 0

The scene of this Ottawa triumph was Varsity Oval at Ottawa. Some three score Loyola fans travelled with the team for the game; they returned somewhat disheartened. An auto accident on the way up, in which some six of the team were involved is generally believed to have been the cause of the let-down. Ottawa and Loyola played a scoreless first quarter, both sides opening up right to the hilt, with neither side able to take advantage of scoring opportunities. Kicking did it, however, in the second quarter, when Ottawa with Dufour back kicked to the deadline four times to lead 4-0 at half time. A serious injury to Pete Shaughnessy hampered to an extent the ball-carrying thrust of our power backfield; led by Joe Cardin, Loyola in the third quarter intercepted a furious Ottawa attack to further stave off any scoring. It is in games like this that drama really takes place. The fourth quarter opened with Ottawa in the lead 4-0. Ottawa ball on Loyola 45. A long pass places it on the 12. Two quick thrust and the ball rests on the one-yard line. First down and goal to go. Nothing could stop that Ottawa team now. Loyola grimly set themselves to defend this stand. They stopped a tremendous plunge by Dufour, dead. Second down. Harbic plunges right off left middle and six Maroon Warriors hit him for a yard loss. Driscoll slants of left end to be brought down hard by McCallum, Cardin, Warren and Audet. Loyola ball. They had staved off the Ottawa bid. Kick formation now. Ball is snapped. Allen fumbled momentarily, darts to left as Ottawa linemen swarm in, five, ten, fifteen yards over the goal line—he is hit by four Ottawa men at one time, out goes the ball and Ottawa is in possession again on the ten. Twice more Loyola stop those Marauding Ottawites, but the third time, they yielded and broke, Ottawa scoring to touch and convert, to lead by 10 to 0. That was the end of Loyola for the day. Ottawa just would not be denied, for they scored two last minute touches for a total of twelve points to lead finally 22-0. Contrary to the score, the defeat was not such in the eyes of the Loyola team for when the going had got tough they had staved off, five times in succession, an Ottawa goal-line bid.

REMINISCING

Joe Cardin, "Tiger" Shore, Frank Kaine, Gerry Mulcair, Harry Allen, John Costigan, Paul Limoges, Martin Kierans, play their last game for Loyola . . "Bud" Turgeon, when he relieved Shore at center up in Ottawa was the first man ever to relieve the center in four years of Intercollegiate football . . Joe Cardin, captain of the team, played brilliantly at Ottawa. The little fellow, who tips the scales at a little over 150, ran himself into exhaustion against the 200 lb. Ottawa line . . . Major Paul Brennan does fine work in reconstructing team . . Freshmen recruits from champion High School team should bring results next year . . Interference tried this year should be definitely adopted . . This year was the first time it has been tried in Intercollegiate circles . . . Nation-wide disastisfaction over C.I.A.U. ruling very much in evidence . . . Already movement afoot to ban it for the next Intercollegiate season . . Only two leading Universities find it satisfactory . . . Jim Tomecko, ex-coach of the Maroon and White football team, present at every game. Says he: "Paul has done a marvellous job; the team is in the initial stages; he has built a marvellous line there; a little more kicking power and they would never have lost a game." Ottawa officials claim Loyola to be strongest team to be played by them in five years . . . Paul Haynes, famous alumnus, lineman in second Ottawa game.



SENIOR HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL

F YOU observed, on the Loyola campus last September a dejected and drooping coach, gazing disconsolately at thirty-five light-weights P. T.-ing with zest, blocking and tackling with more of abandon and zeal than of timing and finesse, that man would doubtless have been Mr. Sheridan, S.J., the senior coach. Between biting exhortations to "put something into it," he might have been heard muttering in dismay, "Weight, speed, strength, experience, where is it?" And there wasn't any answer,—it wasn't there.

When a coach loses 27 of 32 letter men, and finds the replacements a group of junior and ex-junior players, ostensibly lacking all the physical requirements for senior competition, there is reason and to spare for greying hair and furrowed forehead. The situation was well summed up by a remark this reporter heard the coach pass on to Captain Eddie Emberg after a particularly discouraging

practice display. "It's a tough break, Eddie, that you had to be captain this year."

A census of early practices revealed that only five of last year's Interscholastic League Champions were on deck for duty,—of whom only three, the first, were first string men,—Eddie Emberg, Kev Kierans, George Morley, Happy Seasons and Chuck Tabio. Gone the victory-compelling power of Pete Shaughnessy, gone the flying heels of Jerry Castonguay touchdown-bound, gone the smooth passing and cool leadership of quarters Jack Warren and Danny Sheehan, gone the granite bulwark of McCallum, Haymes, Bill Brown, Brodrick, Frank Davis, Manuel Mier y Teran, and Punchy Mc-Nally, gone the stalwart secondary defence work of Hughie Braceland.

It seemed there wasn't anything left, that the season of 1940 would be merely one of constructive work for the future, a season in which the inglorious objective would be the holding of opponents, scores to a minimum not too disgraceful. To make matters worse, there were ominous reports from St. Leo's of the brilliant play of the O'Connell's, Tubby and Long Jawn, of Ciceri and Vic Lattimer. Catholic High were reported to be stronger than they had been in ten years, while McGee would

field a squad of the usual high double blue calibre.

And yet the Warriors of the Maroon and Green come up with an unbeaten and untied record and the Interscholastic League Championship, and lose the city title in a heart-breaking tilt with Westhill by a hair-breadth 2-0 count! How does it happen?

I could write a book on the Odyssey of the Warriors' rise to greatness, on the games they pulled

out of the fire when the cause seemed lost, but there is no room for my rhapsodies here.

To my way of thinking, one factor and one alone, accounts for this success, a factor reflecting the more credit on the team, in the degree that things of the spirit are finer than things of the flesh, an indomitable and dauntless will finer than the possession of fleet feet or strong backs. This will find expression not only in the heat of actual competition, but in docility under instruction, generosity in work during the practice hours, the complete and willing subordination of the glory of the individual to the good of the team. A team that has learnt football that way has learnt much more than football.

In six of our eight league games our squad went into the second half trailing, or if the score were even, the tide of battle had been strongly against us. In each case it was nothing but a flaming fighting spirit which brought victory. It is no discredit to the team of 1940 that we rate them inferior to the former Loyola champions of 1932 and 1939 in striking power, in experience, and in finesse. Their's was a higher quality and possessed in a higher degree than any Loyola team we've seen in 12 years at Loyola. Loyola is justly proud of the boys of the Warrior squad of 1940.

Should present age restrictions remain unchanged, next season the team will bid goodbye to the following: To Captain Eddie Emberg, quiet unassuming Eddie, ideal captain, whom we rate the greatest end ever to play for a Loyola team, college or high school. In his final game for Loyola Eddie gave his greatest display against Westhill, the net gain round his end being a minus quantity, despite Westhill's challenging attempts to get at least one play by our captain.

To half back Kevin Kierans, passer, plunger, runner, and truly great defensive back in the center secondary slot. Neither McGee nor Loyola will forget you soon, Kev, though the remembrance may

be accompanied by different emotions.

To inside George Morley, who, first as assistant coach and then—after the bug bit—as player, made four green youngsters in the middle of our line a tackling and blocking barricade second to none. A steadying influence, with great qualities of leadership, a ball carrier who topped the great (we're not being sarcastic) MacFarlane in ground gains in the city final.

To Happy Seasons, end, a great team player, light but a sure tackler, with a sticky pair of hands.

Remember our first touch of the season? (No pun intended).



To quarter Bill Asselin, tall, light, and none too rugged, personifying the team spirit in his brilliant display against Westhill, playing almost the full game without relief (the last half with a pair of cracked ribs). "We gotta get it over Father, we just gotta." Kid stuff, Bill?

To end Bob Lindsay, a player of promise who was just beginning to open eyes with defensive brilliance when sickness pulled him from the line-up.

To half back Johnny MacDonell, "Shifty", 130 pounds (all wet) of inspiration to his mates. Johnny shared the kicking duties and played brilliantly against St. Leo's and in both McGee games.

To inside Jim Muir, a rookie lineman who developed into a dependable defensive player and sound blocker.

To middle Tom Connors, big, game, but inexperienced. Tom improved rapidly and was hitting his peak, when a painful leg injury cramped his style in our last pair of tests.

The other block-L winners, those who should be back next year to form the handsome nucleus of the 1941 edition, were: Half-back Charlie Tabio, one of our top ground-gainers, scored a beautiful touch against McGee only to see it called back on the merest technicality. Saved our bacon by his quick thinking when he dribbled a loose ball out of danger against St. Leo's. Flying wing Bob Swinton, who, changed from the end position to the back field, proved one of the finds of the season, a terrific plunger and sound defensive player. Jimmy Lewis who will be the best high school punter in Montreal next year. Loves heavy defensive duty. Tried hard to persuade everybody that snap wasn't too high in the Westhill game. "Slipped through my fingers. Gee, I'm sorry, wasn't center's fault." That was characteristic of the team's spirit, everyone grasping at blame, and conceding credit. Center Jack McEachern, "Gafoofy", worked a while at the half-back spot towards the end of the season, his touch-down toss to his inseparable Johnny MacDonell was a beautiful piece of work. Must have a grudge against the Saints: made more tackles in the St. Leo's games than all the rest of the team together. Inside, "Tiger" Paul Sheehan, a certain all-star choice next year, Tiger gave his best effort for brother Dan up from Boston to see us nosed out by Westhill. Now next year, Dan . . .

Middle Eddie Meagher, a fourteen-year old senior is something to be remarked, but one with Eddie's ability is a phenom. Never saw a lineman succeed in tackling so low and so accurately; in the worst scramble Eddie comes up with the right pair of ankles in a sure grip. All star candidate for next season. Middle Paul Shaughnessy, the old strain is not diluted in the youngest clansman's veins. Specialty this year, smothering passes. Next year we'll have the two best middles in the league. End Val Chartier, more football per pound in Val than in any man on the team. Can recall a wistful youngster two years ago saying to Father Sheridan, "Gee, do you think I'll ever be big enough to make the seniors?" Not only made it, but made one end of our line unpassable. Should have been an Interscholastic all star this year for that matter. Flying wing Raoul Colmenares, after working at the end spot last year came into his own this year as a beautiful blocker and fleet ball-carrier. Quarter Red Seasons, smooth passer, sharing directive duties with Bill Asselin. Never forget your winning touch against McGee,—certainly missed you in the Westhill game. Middle Frank Ryan, light but coming, sickness and injuries stopped a rapid rise which should be resumed next year. Inside Mahlon Mangan, another rookie coming into his own in '41.

Half back Frank Kohler,—it's a hard life subbing for stars like Tabio and Kierans. Frank has strong offensive drive and is a first-class tackler. Half back Frank Porteous, a fine football head and grand spirit could not altogether counter-balance a lack of weight and strength. Frank's classy cleats did our converting, and well; should be in for a good season next year. End Allan McDonald, inexperienced in September, but improving rapidly; should be first-string material next year. Center Mike Asselin, a candidate for all-star honours, 1941. Rangy and promising to be big when he fills out, Mike is a brisk, accurate passer, and heady defensive player, a natural in his position. Inside Darrell Walsh, light but compact, with a year's football behind him, Darrell should be a big help next year. Inside Ralph Farrell, at 15, one of the big men of the team, Ralph needed nothing but the experience and confidence he gained this year. Should pose quite a problem for our opponents in 1941. Louis Saldana, end, first year in football, sure tackler, eager and quick to learn, should fill Emberg's or Hap Seasons' shoes come September. Middle Howie Burrowes with only English Rugger experience, Howie proved a wind-fall, and will catch the eyes of all-star selectors next year. End Bob Fauteux, heady, fearless, built in one piece and therefore packing a punch beyond his poundage; we welcomed his return against Westhill after a mid-season illness. End Bill Doyle; Bill has found his spot at the end position after knocking around at a variety of jobs in the back-field. Loves heavy defensive duty. If blocked out so that he cannot make a tackle, Bill brings down his man by pushing that handsome profile into a ball carrier's ankles, as in the Westhill game. Effective, but hard on the nose.



October 1st, Loyola at St. Leo's, 11-0.

From the Montreal Gazette.

Loyola opens Defence of High School Grid Championship with Victory."

"A lot smaller but just as smart as last year's squad. Loyola opened defence of its Interscholastic League Football Title with a victory yesterday afternoon at Westmount Park, blanking St. Leo's, 11-0. . . . Loyola's first of two unconverted touches came early in the third quarter following Lewis' 20-yard romp round right end to St. Leo's 45. Red Seasons rifled a short forward pass through center to Tabio for a first down and then followed with a thirty yard cross-field heave to brother Harvey who picked the ball off, after two St. Leo's players had touched it, and raced over unhindered . . . The clinching major score came in the fourth quarter when little Johnny MacDonell gathered in a punt on his own 45 shifted in nicely behind his interference and raced to St. Leo's 20 . . . Seasons came out of the huddle with the pay-off pass, a running throw to Emberg over the Westmount school's goal line. Jim Lewis booted a rouge for the final point of the game. Chartier making the tackle. Paul Shaughnessy, Kev Kierans and Jack McEachern performed well for the winners . . ."

October 12th, Loyola at McGee, 11-5.

From the Montreal Standard.

"Loyola Beats McGee, 11-5."

Inspired by a brilliant two-way performance by Kevin Kierans, Loyola High School fought from behind to overcome the powerful McGee Seniors 11-5 in an Interscholastic League fixture at Molson Stadium this afternoon . . . During the early part of the game McGee manifested a definite superiority. Their heavy line tossed Loyola back repeatedly, and their half backs ripped off big gains as they surged into Loyola territory to score a touch in the first period . . . Loyola began to indicate its attacking qualities midway through the second quarter as McGee began to lose their edge. Making a running forward pass, Asselin tossed a short heave to Kierans who pulled it in smartly with defenders all around him, and struggled to the McGee 15-yard line. Asselin repeated the manoeuvre to Kierans on the next down, and the N.D.G. boys had the ball on the 3-yard line. Tabio twirled through the McGee line to go over for the try, but his team was penalized ten yards, and the first scoring chance was passed up . . . Kierans took a McGee punt on the dead run and went 35 yards before he was stopped. Asselin again tossed to Kierans and this one was good with a vengeance for a major score to tie proceedings... The turning point came when Ed Cross let Jim Lewis' kick get away from him. Ed Emberg taking a long dive on the loose ball, ten yards out. Kierans made six and three on successive plunges, while Lewis provided the pay-off punch when he sneaked through center on a delayed play . . . Frankie Porteous' convert was good from placement. . . . Kierans threw more confusion into the McGee ranks when he made a brilliant diving interception of a forward pass on the McGee 40 . . . again Kierans was on the job rushing in to intercept and racing back to the McGee 45 to snuff out their final threat . . . George Morley, Eddie Meagher, Sheehan, and Farrell were particularly strong. . . '

October 20th, St. Leo's at Loyola, 6-17.

From the Montreal Gazette.

"Loyola in Triumph over St. Leo's." "Wins 3rd straight to stay ahead in Senior Grid Race."

"As in last week's game against McGee, Loyola went behind yesterday in the first quarter before getting into stride . . . A Loyola fumble on its 15-yard line set the Saints in position, Johnny O'Connell smashing the line for 12 on first down, leaving Swift the short jaunt to go. Brennan converted from placement . . . Led by Bob Swinton, who played his best game of the season, Loyola started to roll in the second quarter, and set the ball down on St. Leo's 20-yard line after four successive plunges by Swinton had netted 35 yards. Brennan nullified the advance with a sparkling 40-yard run back, but Loyola soon struck back again when Charlie Tabio intercepted a forward pass at center, and Swinton followed up with a 30-yard plunge to St. Leo's 25. Kierans went 15 round right end, and successive plunges by Swinton and Johnny MacDonell moved the ball to the 3 stripe whence Swinton made the grade. Porteous converted to tie the score as the half ended . . . Long runs by Tabio and Colmenares set Billy Asselin in



position for Loyola's 3rd period touch, the slim young quarter shifting in nicely behind excellent blocking, to go over standing up. From placement, Porteous made it two out of two... Disaster hit McGillis' men in possession on Loyola's 5-yard line, when Tabio raced in and booted a loose ball towards the St. Leo's line, belting it twice more before O'Connell outfooted him to fall on it on the Saints' 20... O'Connell's kick was short and Kierans scampered 35 yards, MacDonell and Tabio added a few more. And Swinton lugged the ball over for his second touch of the day."

October 27th, McGee at Loyola, 8-10.

From the Montreal Gazette.

"Loyola Seniors Rally to Defeat McGee in School Football Tilt."

"Score 10-8 victory on pair of majors in final two periods. A good little team with a star passer beat a good big team with all the plunging power yesterday afternoon on Loyola campus, and a crowd of 2,000 liked the way it was done. For the second time in two weeks Loyola came from behind to out point D'Arcy, nosing out a 10-8 decision in the last half . . . McGee opened with a rush and thoroughly out-classed the homesters for two periods compiling an 8-0 lead with a placement and touchdown both by Ed Commerford. Just before the second session ended, however, Loyola began rolling, forsaking line plays for sweeps around the end. And a fast Maroon back field went to town. Kierans, Charlie Tabio, Red Seasons and Johnny MacDonell each took the leather for long jaunts on extensions, surging from its own 25 deep in McGee territory. But the half time flag came down to end the threat . . . Loyola got back into stride midway through the third quarter when Captain Eddie Emberg snaffled a McGee fumble at center field, and runs by Red Seasons and Kierans for 15 and 27 respectively moved the Maroon team well into McGee territory. Following an exchange of kicks which pushed Loyola back considerably Kierans unleashed a 25-yard running throw to Emberg who took it over his right shoulder and sprinted another 20 yards for a touchdown, which went unconverted . . . McGee pushed Loyola back and gained possession less than ten yards out on a Loyola fumble. The smaller but hard-tackling Maroon line held, however, on three downs, and after a couple of kicking exchanges, moved up about the mid stripe with three minutes to go. And that was where Kierans' pitching paid off again, the shifty backfielder firing a 20-yard spiral to Bill Doyle and duplicated the throw to Red Seasons on the next play. Seasons, making a spectacular catch, crossed the line for a major.'

Brother, that was a football game!!! If I lived to be a hundred and saw all the best games, I don't think I'd ever see three classier catches in the one game than those by Emberg, Doyle, and Seasons.

November 3rd, Catholic High at Loyola, 0-11.

From the Montreal Star.

"Loyola Blanks Catholic High to Clinch League Grid Crown."

"Seasons, MacDonell Score Majors."

"The collegians sewed up the game in the first few minutes of play, with a converted touchdown, and made sure of things in the second with another unconverted try... The Maroons recovered a C.H.S. miscue on the latter's 25, and on the first down Swinton brought the ball to the 10. On the next play Red Seasons rapped up the major going round right end. Frank Porteous converting... On the next play, McEachern who started the game at snapback but was shifted to the half line, faded back a couple of steps, skipped about five yards to his right, and then veritably rifled a flat forward pass into MacDonell's arms on the 5-yard stripe. MacDonell didn't go the rest of the way with his eyes closed, but he could have."

November 9th, Loyola at Catholic High, 5-0.

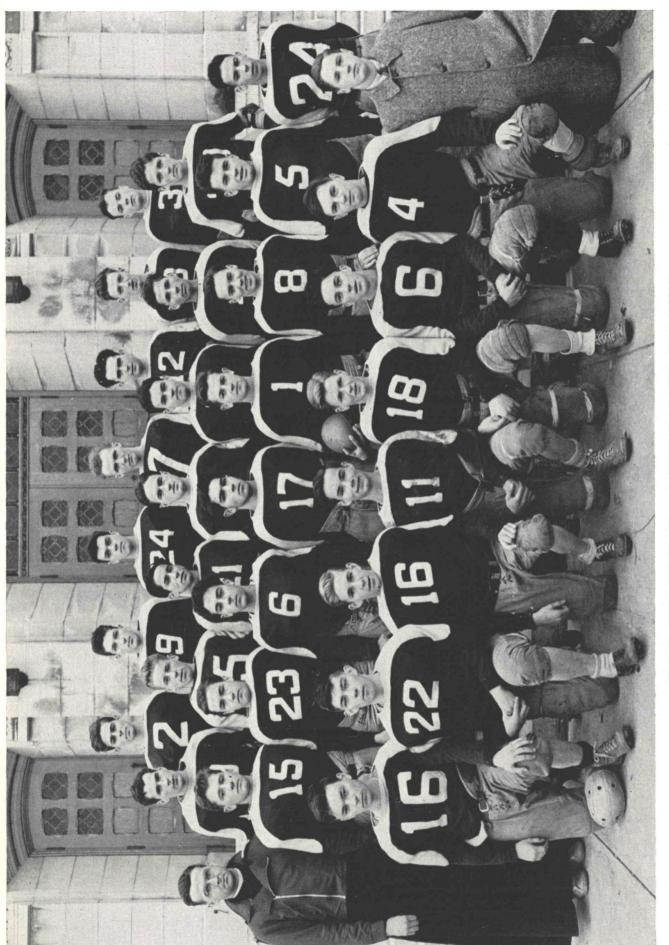
From the Montreal Standard.

"Loyola gridders Clip C.H.E. 5-0, Remain Unbeaten."

"Morley scores Winning Touch Early in First Quarter. Muddy Field Slows Contest."

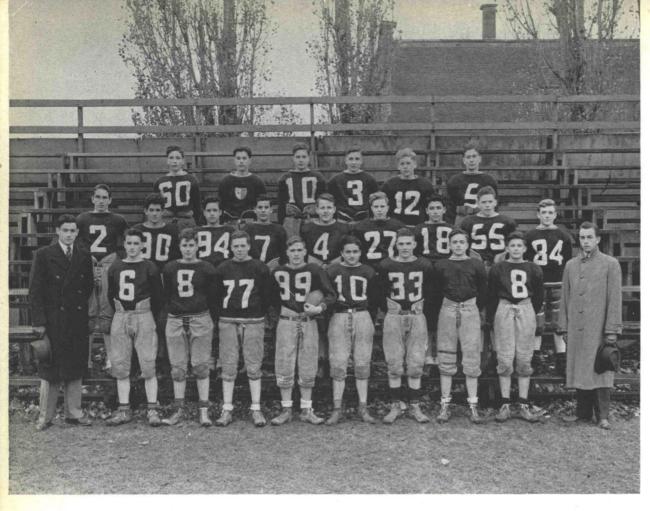
"With nothing at stake but an unblemished record in the Interscholastic League, Loyola, slated to play Westhill for the City title, went through the motions in the final game of the schedule at Molson stadium this afternoon against C.H.E., emerging victors to the tune of 5-0.

. . . Loyola's big push came early in the first quarter when George Morley took up the march



SENIOR HIGH FOOTBALL — CATHOLIC LEAGUE CHAMPIONS

1st row: F. Kohler, J. McEachern, F. Porteous, V. Chartier, W. Doyle, J. MacDonell, H. Seasons, T. Seasons.
2nd row: Mr. E. Sheridan, S.J., Coach, J. Muir, J. Lewis, L. Saldana, C. Tabio, E. Emberg, Capt., R. Fauteux, P. Sheehan, W. Asselin.
3rd row: D. Walsh, F. Ryan, R. Colmenares, G. Morley, K. Kierans, H. Burrowes, M. Asselin.
4th row: R. Swinton, P. Shaughnessy, R. Farrell, T. Connors, M. Mangan, A. McDonald, E. Meagher.



JUNIOR FOOTBALL TEAM

1st row: L. Larrabure, Mgr., Kohler, O'Neill, O'Connor, Eddie Langan, Capt., Colmenares, Freddie Langan, Molina, Malone, Mark McKeown, Coach

2nd row: Pat Wickham, Tous, Lebrun, Mateu, K. Burns, Gallagher, Begin, Kierans, McCarney.

3rd row: J. Wickham,, Bob Stachiewicz, Frankowski, Lesage, E. Burns, St. Cyr.

BANTAM FOOTBALL TEAM

Ist row: W. Tremblay, G. Molina, Tremblay, P. Perras, Salcau, Lennon, Finlayson, Danaher, Norris, Bob Brodrick, Coach.

2nd row: Simard, Melançon, Facella, Meagher, Fonseca, De Souza, Saldana, Callaghan, Guimond.

3rd row: Ron Sutherland, Maloney, Bob Sutherland, McNamara, Emblem, Cutler, Hemming, Bussière, Cattain.

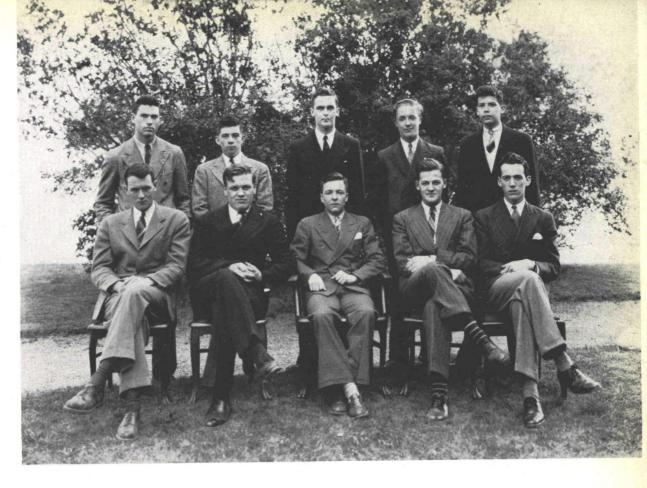
4th row: Rondina, Trainer, Sherwood, Manager.



L.C.A.A. EXECUTIVE

Seated: F. Kaine, W. Shore, Vice-President, J. Brayley, President, R. Brodrick, Sec.-Treasurer, D. Asselin.

Standing: P. Shaughnessy, J. Mc-Eachern, T. McKenna, J. O'Brien, D. Sutherland.





LOYOLA NEWS STAFF

Seated: W. Shore, Sports Editor, T. Thompson, C.O.T.C., J. Brayley, Editor-in-Chief, D. Ledoux, High School Editor, W. Brayley, Columnist.

Standing: R. Meagher, Sports Editor, T. McKenna, College, P. Shaughnessy, Sports, D. Asselin, Advertising, R. Brousseau, Advertising, R. Joyce, Business Manager, J.O'Brien, Sodality, J. MacDonell, Columnist, R. Brodrick, Managing Editor, J. Kastner, High School Lights.



INTRA-MURAL HOCKEY

First A Runners-up: 1st row: L. Melançon, R. Sutherland, L. Stewart, C. Simard, P. Thompson, G. Wilcock.

2nd row: Mr. J. McCarthy, S.J., Coach, R. Brown, A. Brown, M. Thompson, C. Brown.

Third B, High School Champions: 1st row: J. Ross, E. McConomy, E. Lesage, J. Gallagher, J. Wickham, T. Seasons.

2nd row: R. Carrière, H. Gagnier, L. Larrabure, E. Larrabure, L. McGuire.



Seniors Runners-up: Kneeling: E. Gendron, L. Freeman, N. Burke.

Standing: J. Gagnon, J. Chandler, F. Kaine, F. Cronk, J. Costigan, F. Hamill, W. Shore, H. Fitzpatrick, G. Murphy, J. Brayley, Coach.

Freshman College Champions: Kneeling: M. Labelle, D. Mc-Donald, J. Martin, J. MacDonell, T. Davis.

Standing: R. Meagher, C. Melançon, P. Curran, Captain, K. Kierans and Cup, L. LaFlèche, R. Audet, B. McCallum, R. Labelle.





Peter Graham
Emmett McKenna
Phil Graham

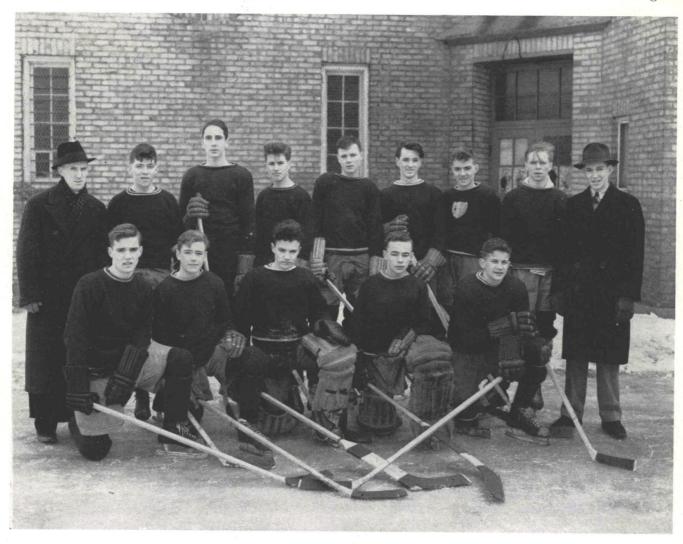
SPORTING ACTIVITIES

Bob Swinton, a friend, Chris. Gribbin.

Bill Asselin

Dick Weldon

Jacques Bureau



JUNIOR HIGH HOCKEY TEAM

Kneeling: Langan, McCarney, Gendron, Brown, Malone.
Standing: Mr. T. L. Carroll, S.J., Coach, McEachern, P. Wickham, O'Neill, E. Meagher, Kohler, Langan, O'Connor, F. Porteous, Mgr.

BANTAM TRACK AND FIELD MEET - 1940

FINAL RESULTS:-

EVENT	First	Second	THIRD	Тіме	Record
75 yards	Bussière	Tous	Fonseca	9.7	9.0
High Jump	Bussière	Tous Perras Malcolm Murphy		4 ft. 1 in.	New Record
Baseball Throw	Bussière	Tous	Malcolm Fonseca Fonseca Meagher Mondor Perras	200 ft. 30.0 13.8 26.7 13.1 29.11	New Record 29.8 13.0 New Record 13.6 New Record

INDIVIDUAL AGGREGATES

	40	Points
Tous	15	
Murphy	6	4.6



after Raoul Colmenares had taken the leather from the 25 to the ten on a smart off-middle thrust. Shifting in behind Colmenares' blocking, Morley romped over for the touch . . . Morley's work was outstanding, he was forever pushing Loyola's efforts, and was in on most of the plays that counted . . . Charlie Tabio and Paul Shaughnessy contributed in no small part.''

Now what can we say about this Westhill Loyola game? We had injuries, so had Westhill, but, though Hall is a better footballer than Red Seasons, it's doubtful if Westhill, with a smart replacement like Alf Harvey, missed Hall as much as we missed Red. Bill Asselin had to handle the quarter spot without relief, a tough assignment for a 125-pound youngster, against the Westhill power-house on a snow covered field. Oh yes,—that field. Sure, it was snowy for Westhill too, but without Alan Hall Westhill had to rely on power drives through the line. All season our play was built on fast breaking end plays, and forward passing. Play of that kind is all but impossible on such a field. At that, one of our pass plays saw Westhill buffaloed, our receivers in the clear for long gains or touchdowns, but either the snow covered ball would go away, or else frozen fingers couldn't hold it. As I see it, Westhill won the game and deserved it on the day's play, because of an edge in a single point, albeit a mighty important point. Jim Lewis can kick punts with Alf Harvey or Bob MacFarlane any day of the week, including Friday the Thirteenth,—given equal protection. There lay the difference, our kick formation was unsteady throughout, bending under the Westhill drive. Their kick formation was rock bound. That weakness of ours not only worried the kicker, it worried the whole team on punt plays. It caused Jack McEachern's bad toss. It robbed Jimmy Lewis of two rouges which would have been treasure trove in such a game, when in his hurry to get kicks off he saw the greasy ball slide off his foot. Well, that's the way we see it.

November 16th, Loyola vs. Westhill, 0-2.

From the Montreal Gazette.

"Westhill Retains City High School Football Championship."

"Ball Goes Behind Loyola Line Where Jim Lewis is Tackled for Pay-Off Points."

"It can't be said Westhill backed into victory at Molson Stadium Saturday afternoon, but it can be said Loyola backed into defeat. For it was a bad snap in the third quarter that broke up the battle between two perfectly matched teams; a snap that saw Loyola just nosed out by Westhill for the second straight year, the Red and Grey taking last season's final by a 4-1 count. The critical play occurred well on in the third heat, after Westhill had turned it on, and driven the Maroon and Green club back to its fifteen yard line. On the third down bang went the ball game when Jack McEachern, doing the upside down pitching, lost his control and whistled a wild pass over his goal line. Lewis scampered back to retrieve the oval, but couldn't do anything else but ground it two yards behind the line as a swarm of Westhill tacklers broke through and pushed his face in the snow. It was a tough break for McEachern as well as for Loyola for the stocky youngster, still eligible for Junior play, has played a bang-up game all season, earning a place on the Gazette's all-star team. There's always a goat in a game like that anyway, and he unluckily was it with that one bad throw . . . It undoubtedly was the tightest game of the year, probably of the last two or three years, as the teams delighted close to 3,000 fans with smart ball handling in a great exhibition of their wide open rules."

That's really all there is to report. Captain Keith Ellson, a great sport and a grand footballer, playing despite severe injuries provided the inspiration which pulled Westhill out of two tough spots in the first half. Alf Harvey, filling in for the injured Hall, stole the lime-light with a great two-way performance, while the steady MacFarlane, though held to small gains, was a power in a defensive way and knocked our punt formation about pretty badly. For the challengers the veterans Eddie Emberg, George Morley, and Kev Kierans never looked better. Brother Ambrose, McGee football mentor, called Eddie's game the greatest he had ever seen an end play. George plunged for gains which shaded MacFarlane's,—though burly Bob was considered tops in high school circles—and his defensive play was strong throughout despite a leg injury occurring in the third stanza. Kev was a stand out, both ways in every department. Tiger Sheehan turned in his best effort of the year, doing some sterling ball-carrying. Bill Asselin, over-worked and dead with fatigue, showed just how far spirit can drive one after the body is through. Mike Asselin looked like a veteran, steady, cool, heads-up defensively, passing the ball with perfect accuracy, despite the worst ground conditions and a freezing temperature. Watch Mike next year; he grew into a senior star in that one battle. But why single out individuals? All the boys were grand, played the game as Loyola is proud to see her sons play it.



We present here the box score of our last two play-off games with Westhill, November 10th, 1939, and November 16th, 1940. We lost both, 4-1, and 2-0. Look the box scores over and explain it please.

	19	939	1	1940	
	Loyola	Westhill	Loyola	Westhill	
First downs	9	6	6	3	
Yards gained rushing	133	139	116	48	
Yards gained from scrimmage	158	139	147	48	
Yards lost from scrimmage			14	13	
Total distance kicks in yards	195	465	390	485	
*Average distance kicks in yards	32.5	42.2	32.5	37.3	
Number of kicks	6	11	12	13	
Kicks blocked by	0	1	0	1	
Blocked kicks recovered	0	1	0	1	
Kicks run back in yards	60	20	50	70	
Forwards attempted	10	3	12	2	
Forwards completed	1	0	2	0	
Yards gained forwards	25	0	31	0	
Forwards intercepted by	2	3	1	1	
Yards gained interceptions	5	10	3	2	
Fumbles	6	0	7	6	
Own fumbles recovered	5	0	5	3	
Penalties in yards	10	50	15	15	

^{*}From point where ball was kicked to where it was received.

HIGHLIGHTS OF THE SEASON

The Three Best Plays of the Year:

Eddie Emberg's catch of that touchdown pass in the second McGee game.

Bill Doyle's reception in the same game, a reception which set the stage for the winning touchdown. Even if Bill had dropped it, it should have been ruled completed, for Bill's legs were clipped from under him the moment before he snared the ball. Still wondering how he held onto it.

A mouse-trap plunge by Morley in the Westhill game which carried us—on first down—from Westhill's 20 to the 11. A perfect piece of football mechanics, the right middle pulled out, MacFarlane came through scenting a kill, Bob Swinton sent him on his back ten feet from the play, and George went through a hole big enough for a pram. Then the play was called back, because the left end who had no essential role in the play was off-side by two feet. The game was lost right there.

The Worst Play of the Year:

The off-side mentioned above.

The most humorous incidents of the campaign:

Trainer Bill O'Brien phoning home to McGee headquarters at half time of the second McGee game. 'Brother, it's in the bag, 8-0 at half time for McGee. Just a question how high a score we'll run up.'

run up."

Bob MacFarlane in our dressing room after the Westhill game. "Tough break, fellows. The Lord must have been on our side today." Our team had only been to Mass and Communion that morning. Well, maybe He was, at that. Could be, could be.

The team we like best to play against:

The Red and Grey of Westhill. Great sports.

The team that still scores the most points against us:

The Double Blue of McGee, dad burn it.

The most satisfying game of the season:

The second McGee game, because we took them coming from behind, and in the same way they whipped us in 1939.



The most believe-it-or-not fact about our team:

Here's how the wing-line lined up pretty frequently on the right side. Jack McEachern snap, aged 15, Ralph Farrell inside 15, Eddie Meagher middle 14, Val Chartier end, 16. The left side was often like this. Paul Sheehan inside 16, Paul Shaughnessy middle 16, Bob Fauteux end 17. Average age 15.6. Not bad for senior company. Watch them roll in 1941.

The following Loyola men rated recognition on local all-star selections:

The Gazette's Interscholastic League Team:

Kev Kierans at half, Eddie Emberg at end, George Morley at inside, and Jack McEachern at the snap spot.

The Standard's All-Montreal High Squad:

Kev Kierans at half, Eddie Emberg at end, George Morley at inside, and Red Seasons calling the

JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL

LS AN accomplished thespian, a versatile athlete and a successful coach, Mark McKeown now becomes an Alumnus. Another page may record the long list of Mark's various activities, but here belongs an expression of deep appreciation for the many splendid services he has rendered to our Junior Football Teams.

Coach for the past two seasons, Mark indirectly contributed much to help our Senior High Warriors to their many victories. It was he who first drilled and taught the fundamentals of the game to the majority of our Catholic League Champions. Only a fickle fate deprived Mark of repeating his triumphant campaign of the previous football season. A petty decision by an official, viz., "a person not the Captain talking out of turn" cost our graduating coach the Interscholastic Loop title.

The sparkling efficient coordination of the team, the variety of their plays and the strong defensive

formations which dazzled spectators are all a tribute to Mark's ingenuity. Future Junior Warriors will miss Mark's guidance because Mark has proven himself a real leader. Should Coach McKeown ever have the opportunity of devoting time to gridiron coaching—one thing is certain—Mark will always be welcome back to the task that he has handled so well.

All his "blitzmen" join in congratulating him on his scholastic attainments. They wish him the very best of good luck in the path of life that he may choose to follow. Now this narrator will content himself with simply setting down the account of last autumn's battles. Actions always speak

louder than words. The record of the Junior Team is Mark's very best praise.

Defending the Junior City Football Championship, Mark McKeown with Paul Limoges as his line coach started off the league schedule with an 11-5 win over D'Arcy McGee. Both teams displayed a brilliant passing attack plus plenty of speed afoot. The Double Blue held command throughout the first half, leading 5-0 on Macera's plunge for a touchdown late in the second quarter. In the third period the Maroon clad Warriors got their air attack functioning and took the lead 6-5 before this session closed. Johnny Wickham took Ed. Langan's toss to race twenty yards for a major. Langan

then threw to McEachern on a sleeper play for the extra point.

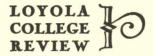
Loyola's clinching touchdown came in the last frame when Eddie Meagher scooped up the ball after a McGee kick was blocked and charged some thirty yards before being hauled down. Again the Langan to McEachern 'sleeper specialty' connected and the ball game was safely tucked away. The attempted convert failed. The supporters were banking heavily upon Captain Eddie Langan and his brother Freddie, both of whom are halves, on Cliff Malone clever quarterback, on Joe Colmenares fleet flying wing and Jack O'Neill a promising middle and, believe me, they weren't disappointed.

Catholic High was our Juniors' next opponents and the Black and White Squad emerged from

the fray as the team to beat. Applying a white-wash to a Loyola team in their own baliwick is no mean feat and the Durocher street boys did just that. These two different styles of play may be considered as a summary of the whole game. Loyola's speed around the ends and Catholic High's power through the line made a very interesting display.

It was near the end of the second quarter that the strategy of the winners in hammering the Maroon line bore fruit. Coleman, Moore and Lilley, with an occasional quarterback sneak on the part of Gelineau had brought the ball to the Loyola eight-yard mark. On the next play Lilley hit the

jack-pot when he pranced around the short end for the only score of the day.



However, this did not cause the Westend boys to roll over and play dead. They started to work in earnest and here again the Black and White front wall made the difference. In the third canto, our McKeown men refreshed after their half-time rest made an "all out effort" that just failed of reaching pay dirt. In fact before the Catholic High team knew that the ball game was resumed, they found that the pigskin rested on their one-yard line. A mighty punt far over the safety man's head saved the day as it rolled to the loser's thirty-five yard line.

Frenzied attempts to score by our Juniors were spoiled by timely interception of Gelineau and Rheaume. Just before the game ended Wickham nailed Coleman on his one-yard line. There one of the most closely fought battles of the campaign ended. McKeown had much faster backs and made better use of interference. Catholic High had the better line, superior plunging and a big edge on the

kicking

In their third game of the season, our boys hopped on the band-wagon again when they mopped up Daniel O'Connell 22-0. A touch was scored in every quarter to subdue the Irish Fighters with Ed. Langan, Joe Colmenares, Cliff Malone and Fred Langan going over in order. Aside from counting one major on a twenty-yard end run, Fred Langan fired passes for two others to gain the honors of the day. Jack O'Neill and Jimmy O'Connor were other standouts for McKeown.

the day. Jack O'Neill and Jimmy O'Connor were other standouts for McKeown.

In the return game against McGee, the Maroon and White showed that once again they were contenders for the City Championship. This fixture was clinched with a pair of second quarter touchdowns with Eddie Langan getting the first and Jim O'Connor plunging over for the second. Bowles

took Dohn's forward pass for McGee's five points in the final heat.

Everything depended upon the outcome of the fifth league game when Loyola met C.H.S. in their return contest which decided the Interscholastic Loop title holder. Glen Brown's youngsters drove over for a converted major just three minutes after the struggle got underway and that was just about enough to tuck the laurels away.

Our only score was made on a Langan to Langan combination, Freddie going back twenty yards to toss a pass into the arms of his brother Eddie for a try. The convert failed. Two more evenly matched teams couldn't be found. For the most part the battle see-sawed up and down the field much

the same manner as it did when the teams first met.

In the last quarter Loyola held complete command of the situation but too many forward passes and an untimely petty penalty spelled defeat. However, two championship teams battled it out for the honors and it can be truly said that Champions lost to Champions. These youngsters are out to provide some very interesting football next autumn and they are already keenly looking forward to settling the issue once and for all. One thing is certain and that is that the material which will graduate to senior ranks next promises that the high standards of football seen on our Campus will be upheld in the best traditional fashion. The final game against Daniel O'Connell was awarded our men by default. Here is the line-up and the heroes of a mighty successful campaign:—

Langan, E. Langan, F. Colmenares, A. O'Neill O'Connor Burns, K. Wickham, P. Mateu Tous LeBrun Malone Wickham, J.		ying Wing Half Half Half Quarter Snap Inside Inside Middle Middle Outside	Bégin Molina, A. McCarney Kierans Ready Lesage St. Cyr Frankowski Burns, E. Gallagher Kohler Stachiewicz	
		RECORD		
D'Arcy McGee	5		LOYOLA	11
Catholic High	5		LOYOLA	0
Daniel O'Connell	0		LOYOLA	22
D'Arcy McGee	5		LOYOLA	10
Catholic High	8		LOYOLA	5
Daniel O'Connell	0		LOYOLA	6
0	22		LOVOLA	F.4
Opponents	23		LOYOLA	54



BANTAM FOOTBALL

NE of the salient features of football tactics on our Campus last autumn was that all our teams were coached by Loyola men. Major Brennan, guided the destinies of our Varsity. Mr. E. Sheridan, S.J., '32, manoeuvred the Senior High Team to the top of the Catholic League. Mark McKeown, '41, had our champion Juniors playing champions. Our youngest squad, all boys under fifteen, following true to form, were coached by Robert Brodrick,

This was the first time that Loyola had a Bantam team in league competition. The youngsters under the tutelage of their adept coach proved that they were ready for more serious football by winning the City Championship. Before summarizing the accounts of our pigmy warriors—a word

about their coach.

Bob Brodrick won the medal for the most truly representative Loyola student at his High School graduation in 1939. Besides being a versatile athlete starring on our varsity pigskin squads and a hockey player who ranks with the best of College defencemen, Bob is President of Sophomore, an honor student, a fine debater and one of the outstanding men in our College Orchestra and Glee

Club. No wonder then the boys respected their coach.

Only a serious pre-season shoulder injury kept Bob from playing on the Varsity again last season. We can be certain that, had he played, results might have been different. However, Bob's football activity was far from curtailed. Immediately he found himself surrounded by fifty or more boys who were determined to learn the game from the ground up. The Bantam City Championship on display in the Athletic Office shows just how successful a teacher of fundamentals Bob was. The Athletic Association through this medium expresses to Bob its most sincere appreciation.

Displaying a brilliant offensive and a stonewall defensive, Brodrick's Bantams opened their Football schedule with a smashing 29-0 victory over Catholic High. As already intimated, this was the first game that a Bantam team representing Loyola in Official League competition played,

but one would have thought that they were seasoned veterans.

Loyola opened their scoring in the first minute of the game when McNamara plunged for a major, after the versatile Owen Maloney had carried the ball to the C.H.S. five-yard line. This touch was converted by Ron Sutherland on a pass from Bussière. In the second quarter McNamara again crossed the line for his second touchdown. Bussière and Sutherland again combined to make the convert good. The scoring in the first half ended when Loyola kicked the ball over the Black and White goal line, and Johnny Meagher made his first of a long list of beautiful tackles. The half closed

with Loyola leading by the score of 13-0.

There was no scoring in the third quarter although Catholic High threatened several times. The high light of the game came when Loyola held their opponents for three downs on their oneyard line. Soon the powerful Maroon Squad was rolling again. During the last quarter they came through with three more touchdowns. One of these was converted. Bussière was first to hit pay dirt in this frame when he galloped around the end for thirty yards. Cliff Malone next tallied when he ran fifty yards aided by some beautiful interference. This was converted on Maloney's pass. But the Loyola blitzmen were not yet finished for on the last play of the game, Bussière triple threat backfielder for his second try of the day carried the pigskin over.

Although completely outplayed throughout the game the C.H.S. squad showed great spirit in going down to defeat. Among the best for Catholic High was young Howie Morenz, jr. For Loyola a smooth working backfield, made up of Maloney, Bussière and McNamara and the two Sutherland brothers, was particularly impressive. The playing of Melançon, Callaghan and Saldana along the line was also outstanding. Yes sir, after the first contest, the youngsters shaped up as real title con-

tenders.

St. Leo's was the Bantams next victim. Accurate and timely passing on the part of Don Bussière was largely responsible for Loyola High's 13-0 victory. Loyola were slow in scoring but once underway were hard to stop. They scored a safety touch when Johnny Meagher tossed Seeney back over his own line. Then in the second quarter Bob Sutherland pulled a 30-yard pass from Bussière out of the air and continued to jaunt another 20 yards for a touchdown. It went unconverted.

Brodrick's strategy then produced a number of smart plays as his team rolled St. Leo's back in the second half. Don Bussière eventually plunged from the one-yard line and later threw another

forward pass to Ron Sutherland for the convert.

Following in the footsteps of the senior team the Bantams went on to garner their third straight win at the expense of Daniel O'Connell 7-0. The Maroon and White opened the scoring in the second

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quarter when Don Bussière tallied a rouge. The second session went scoreless. But in the third frame Facella caught Monroe behind his goal for another point. Before the third period closed, Loyola chalked up an unconverted touchdown with Captain Don Bussière rifling a pass to Sutherland who went over. The play was set up by Facella who intercepted an O'Connell pass and brought the ball

to the enemy 15-yard line.

Again led by their Captain 'Donnie' Bussière, Loyola Bantams came from behind in their return game with Catholic High to gain the leadership in the Catholic Loop. The Black and White Squad took a 6-0 lead on a first quarter single and Art. Voyame's touch in the second canto. On the kickoff following Voyame's major, however, Bussière took the ball on his twenty-five and raced eighty-five yards for a touchdown, putting the Maroon team back in the running. Before the quarter ended, Donnie cut loose again for his second major. Bussière went over in the third quarter, plunging all the way from the twenty-yard line.

In the sixth and final league game played by the Bantams they won the City title. The tilt was played in Westmount Park on a muddy field, and both teams had battled to a scoreless tie when the half way mark was reached. In the third quarter, Bussière started the fireworks when he booted a rouge and then in the last quarter added to his reputation in the scoring records by running seventy-five yards behind good interference for a major. Emblem, Melançon and McNamara were again

outstanding in this crucial game.

Don Bussière alone scored thirty-nine points for his team, while only eleven points were tallied against the Brodrick Broncos. Here is the line up of the Loyola Bantam City Championship Team:—

		1		
Owen Maloney		Flying Win	g Robert Perras	
Ronald Sutherland		Half	Claude Simard	
Robert Sutherland		Half	George Hemmings	
Elmer McNamara		Half	Brian Danaher	
Donald Bussière		Quarter	Anthony DeSouza	
John Salcau		Snap	Pierre Tremblay	
John Callaghan		Inside	John Guimond	
Edward Saldana		Inside	James Fonseca	
Guy Melançon		Middle	David Dohan	
Gordon Emblem		Middle	Peter Lennon	
John Meagher		Outside	George Molina	
Louis Facella		Outside	Peter Cutler	
		RECORD		
Catholic High	0		LOYOLA	29
St. Leo's	0		LOYOLA	13
Daniel O'Connell	5		LOYOLA	0
Catholic High	6		LOYOLA	15
St. Leo's	0		LOYOLA	6
Daniel O'Connell	0		LOYOLA	6
Opponents				_
Opponents	11		LOYOLA	69

INTRA-MURAL FOOTBALL

NTRA-MURAL football swung into schedule as enthusiastically as ever. There is nothing like the autumn sun and brisk breezes to stir rabid footballers to peregrinate the pigskin way. So the competing classes were only too eager to step onto the sward and run rough-shod over all opponents, whoe'er they be. The schedule, then, needed mere posting to see the contending huskies off to the fray. However, ardent spirits were not to enjoy complete satisfaction. Nor is any human hand to blame for the seeming fiasco. For it was the elements



and other extracurricular doings, that frustrated the running off of the entire schedule. Yet a good deal of exciting football was had before the lull in action came.

In the senior division competition was close, with victories and defeats see-sawing in regular order. The play of the Senior High classes, however, was a bit shaded by that of their fellows of a lesser year. And as the schedule drew to a close the contesting paired down to a Third High rivalry.

lesser year. And as the schedule drew to a close the contesting paired down to a Third High rivalry. The triple-threat activities of C. Halpin and the stalwart toe-work of L. Larrabure kept the banner furled for Third High B. In the season's opening game these two marched their team to an easy win over the warriors of Fourth High A. After F. Bedford had given his Senior High mates the lead with a pass interception and an unmolested ten-yard run to a major score, the Halpin lads retaliated quickly to take command of the lead, when Captain Charley himself scored twice on sweeping runs of sixty and thirty yards respectively. Before the last whistle sounded the same Halpin was again to loom conspicuous, as he connected with D. Porteous and J. Corcoran by the aerial route for another pair of touchdowns. F. Bedford, who had opened the afternoon's scoring, was also to conclude the touchdown-getting with a twenty-yard race to a score in the waning minutes of play. The aforementioned Larrabure bolstered Third High B's major scores by registering two extra points, raising his team's already comfortable lead to an eleven-point margin over their opponents. The final score:

THIRD HIGH B-22—FOURTH HIGH A-11

The gridmen of Senior High B were next to fall victims before the victorious onslaught of the Third High B team. But the former were to prove themselves stubborn losers, before they succumbed to a nine to five score. The Senior High men got off to a flying start with a downfield march to a five-point score, sparked by the all-around play of Frank Davis and the sharp-shooting of passer Bossy. However, the Third High men were not long in equalling the score, and later to forge ahead with a Larrabure boot for a one-point lead. Shortly afterwards Larrabure assured victory to his mates by a stellar kick from the field of thirty-five yards. Final score:

THIRD HIGH B-9—FOURTH HIGH B-5

After losing their opening game, Third High A played a championship brand of ball to turn back their unbeaten class colleagues. While his teammates threw back every offensive endeavor of the Third High B squad, Driscoll's smart quarter backing and superb passing complemented that unique defensive feat, to humble the championship-headed B team. The Driscollmen spaced their twin touchdown scores, by crossing the wide line stripe once in each period. The first score came after the Junior Class B men attempted in vain to penetrate the enemy territory the required distance for the five-point reward. A pass, Driscoll to Donovan, hit the bull's eye, subsequent to which receiver Donovan scampered the remaining ten yards for the major. Payette was successful with a drop-kick to make the count six to nothing.

to make the count six to nothing.

The second period play was just a continuation of the previous period's two bucks and a kick procedure. But before the period closed, the A men definitely convinced their class fellows, that they had a shade the better of the afternoon's play; for the A's pushed far enough toward the touchdown line to enable Driscoll to pass smartly to Payette, who had but a yard to advance for the score. The convert attempt failed, and the game ended.

THIRD HIGH A-11—THIRD HIGH B-0

This setback of Third High B prevented their undisputed claim to the sectional championship. Premature winter intervened before the deciding game could be played.

1 1 1

In the Junior division the contesting was more one-sided. The Second High teams proved too strong for their younger classmen, who none the less showed certain promise for future battling. First High A defeated their first year comrades, to register their lone win in three encounters. Both the yearling squads were steam-rolled by their bigger schoolmen, who were destined to fight it out together for the division supremacy.

The two Second High teams were undefeated when they faced each other in the final game of

the year—the contest that was to see the B team emerge the sectional champions of 1940.

The game was a tense one from the opening whistle. Neither team succeeded in crashing the score column in the initial period. The passing of 2A's Walsh and the B men's Tom Cox, though sharp, could not penetrate the opposing defences, which consistently prevented intended receivers



from telling grasps of the oft whirling pigskin. However, halfway through the second period Second High B chalked up a five-point score. Second High A's pass-defence wilted just opportunely enough to allow a Cox-to-Gallagher aerial combination to click for the lone touchdown score of this closely fought struggle. Undaunted, Second High A started to move goalward once they had obtained possession of the ball. Larry Walsh rifled passes to every corner, and his shots found receivers often enough to place the ball within a few yards of the coveted touchdown stripe. It looked like a sure bet, too, that this last minute forward surge of the A team was to result in the tieing marker. The opposition purposed otherwise. The Second High B defence stiffened. In three attempts passer Walsh failed to communicate with any of the prospective receivers. The game ended after a few more plays with Second High B the 1940 Junior Division Champs. The score:

SECOND HIGH B-5—SECOND HIGH A-0

SENIOR HIGH SCHOOL HOCKEY

ALTHOUGH the 1940-41 edition of the Loyola Senior High Hockey team did not meet with overwhelming success, nevertheless it proved that it possessed that ever present characteristic of all Loyola teams . . . a dogged, fighting spirit. Always playing against heavier opposition, the Maroon and White squad showed that size is no indication of ability.

when the call went out in early December for prospective members of the team, about twenty men put in an appearance. Hopes were high that in her first appearance in league competition in two years the Loyola team would "burn up the league." Under the capable guidance of Mr. Sheridan, S.J., the squad practised faithfully until the first game on the schedule.

The opening game took place at the Verdun Auditorium, home of the D'Arcy McGee team, on

January 8th.

From the Montreal Daily Star of January 11, 1941.

"D'Arcy McGee, titleholders in the Catholic High School Senior Hockey League for the past three years, failed to get into the win column in the league's 1941 opener at Verdun Auditorium on Saturday and had to share the spoils at 4-4 with a fighting Loyola team. The game was somewhat ragged for most of the game as both teams found it difficult to get into the swing of things.

Johnny Vincelli was the spark of the Double Blue, scoring two of his team's goals unassisted, and getting help from Phil Neville on two others to counter all four.

"Red" Seasons and Eddie Emberg shared the Loyola spoils. Emberg tallied two, aided on another, and Seasons duplicated the feat.

Going into the second period Loyola held a 2-1 edge but Vincelli's goal evened the count. Pressure was applied by the Maroonsters and a rush by Emberg, Corcoran and Seasons ended successfully.

Vincelli did some smart work to grab two fast goals. Seasons brought about the deadlock three minutes before game time on a solo effort."

Score: McGee 4—Loyola 4

The Catholic High squad was next on the list for the Maroon and White team. Their first meeting took place on January 19th at the Loyola Stadium. On a goal by Captain Eddie Emberg the Loyola men chalked up their first League win.

From the Montreal Daily Star of January 20, 1941.

"Loyola College turned back C.H.S. yesterday at the Loyola Stadium in a Catholic School League game. Loyola took advantage of a penalty to C.H.S. in the final minute of the first period to chalk up their 1-0 victory. Eddie Emberg tallied the lone goal when he took Seasons' pass in front of the C.H.S. nets. Loyola is unbeaten so far this season. Alary had no chance on the goal and but for the one tally both netminders, Alary for C.H.S. and Chartier for Loyola turned in flawless netminding."

Score: Catholic High 0—Loyola 1



FIELD DAY, 1941

Pat Devaux making a new mile record.

 $\label{eq:George Molina leading Elie and Hannon in the 75-yard dash.}$ Jim Muir, score-keeper.

Frank Fonseca winning the intermediate 100-yard dash.

Pete Shaughnessy leading Tabio and "Red" Seasons in the Senior 100-yard dash.



FIELD DAY, 1941

Frank Fonseca winning hurdles and high jump.

Mickey Carrière leading Bussière in the 75-yard dash.

L. Doherty making a new junior high jump record.

Jim Fonseca winning the bantam high jump.



BOXING CHAMPIONS

1—Pat Wickham, Middleweight. 2—K. Kierans, Heavyweight. 3—H. Gagnier, Welterweight. 4—F. Davis, Jr., Welterweight. 5—Babe McLeod, Coach. 6—A. Colmenares, Lightweight. 7—G. McDonough, Jr., Featherweight. 8—G. Molina, Pepperweight. 9—J. Lally, Featherweight. 10—B. Danaher, 90 lbs. 11—P. Thompson, Flyweight. 12—M. Thompson, Jr., Flyweight.



BOXING RUNNERS-UP

1—M. Arizpe. 2—H. Burrowes. 3—L. Saldana. 4—P. Devaux. 5—P. Curran. 6—J. Square. 7—R. Sutherland. 8—B. Bossy. 9—A. Brown. 10—R. Sutherland. 11—J. Lewis. 12—T. Connors. 13—R. Dungan. 14—T. Seasons. 15—P. Sheehan. 16—J. Sheen. 17—V. Amengual. 18—J. Daley.



Just three days later these same two teams met this time at the Montreal Forum. In a closely contested game C.H.S. managed to avenge the defeat handed them by the Maroon team a few days before.

From the Montreal Herald of January 23, 1941.

"In a bitterly contested battle the Black and White team of Catholic High managed to emerge with a 3-1 victory over the Loyola team yesterday at the Forum. Marty Madore and George Morley scored in the first period to make things even, but C.H.S. went ahead after three minutes of play had passed in the second frame on a goal by Bernie Lauzon. Twelve minutes later Andy Perron sewed up the game for the Black and White on a solo effort. Particularly outstanding was the great goaling on the part of the two netminders, Chartier and Alary."

Score: C.H.S. 3—LOYOLA 1

Then the Maroon and White continued their supremacy over the Double Blue of McGee by defeating them on home ice. Val Chartier scored his second shutout of the season while his mates managed to thrust three goals past Muir in the McGee nets.

From the Montreal Herald of January 27, 1941.

"Val Chartier stopped a hard shot puck with his head in pre-game warm up that knocked him out cold and then came back to turn in a sensational netminding chore as the Maroon team blanked D'Arcy McGee 3-0 at Loyola Stadium yesterday.

It was Chartier's second shutout in his four games this year—no mean record in any man's

hockey—and are the only zeros chalked up in the Catholic School Loop this season.

The Loyolans let loose shortly after the second stanza opened, however, taking advantage of a penalty to McGee's Mulvanie. Red Seasons was the opportunist beating Muir on a corner drive from the penalty shot line. The Maroon rushes finally paid just after the thirteen minute mark. MacDonald was the marksman, Corcoran and Gallagher figuring in the assist column. Kevin Kierans topped off the proceedings with the game's final counter. He took the puck at his own blue line to weave through the whole McGee team, beating Muir with a drive that bulged the twine in the upper corner."

Score: McGee 0—Loyola 3

Two weeks later McGee and Loyola again met, this time at the Verdun Auditorium. Once again Loyola emerged victors as Eddie Emberg scored the winner on a pass from Seasons.

From the Montreal Gazette of February 10, 1941.

"A smooth skating left winger provided the necessary scoring punch for Loyola to turn aside McGee 2-1 saturday at Verdun Auditorium and to extend its lead in the Interscholastic Hockey League Senior Section to three points. Morley, Loyola defenceman was sent to the cooler early in the first period, and while shorthanded his team scored on a sustained power play into McGee territory. Dan Porteous rifled home a close-in shot that beat Muir. Another penalty, this time to Kierans, backfired on McGee as Emberg tallied a neat marker on a pass from Seasons to put Loyola out of reach for the rest of the game. McGee gambled on five man rushes and this proved fruitful when Nolan scored early in the second period."

Score: McGee 1—Loyola 2

Then Catholic High and Loyola met again on Forum ice once more the Black and White team were victorious. Skating like demons and passing which could not have been better accounted for the 9-2 victory.

From the Montreal Gazette of February 11, 1941.

"A revitalized Catholic High sextet continued its rapid rise to the top of the Interscholastic Senior Hockey League yesterday at the Forum in convincing fashion. Playing the league-leading Loyola, the Black and White went on a scoring jamboree in the second period, piled up a brilliant 9-2 victory and left themselves one point out of first place.

Seasons and Emberg scored the only Loyola markers one in each period. Bernie Lauzon

scored four goals, Perron three and Madore two to account for all the C.H.S. goals.'

Score: C.H.S. 9—LOYOLA 2



Barely a week later Loyola met Catholic High again in a game which would practically decide the League Championship. Those who witnessed the contest declared it the best of the season. Although the Maroon and White came out of the battle on the disappointing end of a 2-1 count, they showed the Catholic men, nevertheless, that a good little team is almost as good as a good big team.

From the Montreal Star of February 19, 1941.

"Catholic High gained the Interscholastic title yesterday afternoon at Loyola by defeating the Collegians 2-1 on goals by Andy Perron. He scored his first goal after fifteen seconds of play in the first period and counted the winner at 7.20 of the second frame. Captain Eddie Emberg registered the lone Loyola marker on a beautiful play with Red Seasons at 1.20 of the second period. The teams battled tooth and nail throughout the game and the issue was only decided on breaks."

Score: C.H.S. 2-LOYOLA 1

On February 28th the team brought its current league campaign to an end at the Annual Xavier Apostolate Sports Night. The game was the highlight of the evening's entertainment, and in it McGee and Loyola battled to a 5-5 draw.

From the Montreal Star of March 1, 1941.

"D'Arcy McGee and Loyola High School teams brought their respective campaigns to an end last night at the Forum playing to a 5-5 tie. The game was the feature on the Xavier Apostolate Sports Night card. All the Loyola goals were evenly distributed with each of the following scoring one: McDonald, Corcoran, Morley, D. Porteous and Seasons. Laberge scored twice for McGee while Mulvanie, Neville and Bowles counted the others."

Score: McGee 5—Loyola 5

In addition to eight league games, the squad played in ten exhibition games winning five and losing five. Westhill, Montreal West, Jacques Cartier, Oxford Royals, N.D.G. Royals and the Loyola Alumni were some of the teams played against.

It is only fitting that tribute be paid to those who have donned their skates for the last time for Loyola High School. To Eddie Emberg, our Captain, who displayed that same capacity for leadership which was so manifest on the football team. Loyola High School has lost a truly great athlete and gentleman in Eddie, and it is hoped that the High School's loss is the College's gain. To George Morley, unsung hero of practically every game and the mainstay of the defence; to Kevin Kierans, who always turned in a magnificent game and whose fighting spirit kept the team on its toes; and to John Martin, our utility forward, whose dogged playing had the enemy in a state of confusion. To all these men we bid a sad farewell.

Tribute must also be paid to those who played for the team this season and are expected to return to the line up when 1942 arrives. To Val Chartier, our sensational goalie whose genuine ability cannot be praised sufficiently; to Red Seasons, always on the spot when winning goals were needed; to Dan Porteous, right winger on the first line whose back checking surprised all; to Allan McDonald, Steve Corcoran and Gerry Gallagher our "RED LINE" whose magnificent defensive work kept the enemy at bay; and to our Kid Line of Frank Porteous, Charlie Halpin and Bill Doyle the three little men who did the work of people twice their size. All these gentlemen we salute.

And so "finis" is written to the 1941 Senior High Hockey team. In the eyes of some this past season may seem to have been a dismal failure, but to those who know and appreciate hockey teams, '41 is a victory. It is a victory because the team which represented Loyola was possibly the smallest and most inexperienced ever to don the Maroon and White. But despite all odds, great as they were, this team always came out smiling confident that they had done their school and themselves justice although the score might have stood in favour of their rivals. And, after all, what more can we ask of a team than that they give their all?



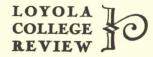
LOYOLA JUNIOR HOCKEY TEAM

HE end of the Rugby season for the Juniors was not an happy one. They saw the championship snatched from them in a fatal final game that might have given the trophy to either side. The prospects of the coming hockey campaign were not very bright. Few of last year's Warriors would be in Junior company this year. The eligible Bantams graduating to Junior ranks were few and far between. The first few workouts confirmed these misgivings. Hockey prospects in general were anything but encouraging. The preliminary practices at the Lachine Arena, however, showed that the youngsters had plenty of spirit and fight. They were determined to inscribe Loyola's name on the Junior Trophy.

The development of the team was slow but steady. Good team play and careful attention to each position with plenty of accurate passing was to be the foundation of a contender. A somewhat mediocre team was moulded into a very strong contender for the title. Daniel O'Connell had suffered greatly from graduation; McGee was definitely on the weak side. Loyola, C.H.S. and St. Leo's decidedly proved to be the class of the league with the latter offering the necessary punch in the play-off series to cop the title, but only after a three-cornered tie between Loyola, C.H.S. and St. Leo's.

In the beginning Loyola had little or no difficulty. McGee was the first victim and suffered to the tune of a 9-2 from a fierce Loyola attack. "Loyola Raps McGee 9-2." Brilliant team work was the highlight of the game played under ideal conditions. D.O.C., our next victim, suffered a somewhat similar fate when they bowed to the Loyola Juniors by the score of 7-1. "Malone is star as Loyola Six beats O'Connell." Conditions were definitely poor, but Loyola showed her adaptability by displaying a brand of hockey that could spell only victory on a rather poor ice surface. The real test was the opposition offered by C.H.S. at the Forum. Al. Brown, the mainstay of the Loyola rearguard, was confined to the sidelines with an eye injury. Bantam Ron Sutherland was called upon to fill the rather large gap between the posts. Fred. Langan was confined to his bed a few days previous to the battle and on the day of the game had to smuggle his stuff out of the house and flee for the Forum only to find his sister an ardent supporter of the Juniors. Trailing for the greater part of the game Loyola again showed the brilliance of her pass attack in the final period by scoring the tieing and winning goal. Sutherland's steady and cool performance was an inspiration to the rest of the Juniors. The work of defencemen Wickham, Meagher, and McEachern was outstanding. The forwards gave Ron the maximum amount of protection with the result that Loyola skated off the ice with a 4-3 victory after O'Neill, Kohler, and Malone had dented the twine in quick succession in the second period. It is no easy task to topple St. Leo's on their ice. We failed to return a favorable verdict in three years, Loyola had to stand the test. "Loyola defeats St. Leo's 4-2." It was a ragged affair with no brilliant display of hockey in any period. After ending the first period with a 1-1 tie, Loyola came from behind in the last ten minutes of the second period to run in three goals, and walk off with a 4-2 victory, and incidentally administer to St. Leo's their first defeat in three years on their home ice. The following game with McGee was uneventual "Loyola beats McGee 4-2 for fifth straight victory." D.O.C. offered no opposition in the next game except an opportunity for the Loyola snipers to better their scoring averages which they managed to do fairly well to the tune of a 9-0. "Loyola swamp Daniel O'Connell in school tilt 9-0." Six straight victories without a defeat is something to boast about. Sufficient any other year to win the title. The champions the year before managed it with but eleven points but competition was much closer then and the league was well balanced, but this year three teams enjoyed the spotlight with Loyola up to this point demanding the greater part for herself.

But strange things happen in the arena of sports and it seems that Loyola was to become the victim of these strange things. We had the breaks in the beginning and they seemed to shower us, but the bad breaks seemed to be equally gregarious. Prosperity was too much for the Juniors. Condition waned. Carelessness set in and the would-be champions received their setback when they realized that they were on the wrong end of a 6-3 score. "C.H.S. Juniors win 6-3, Lilley scores three in beating Loyola." C.H.S. immediately took a contending position for league honours. It seemed that Loyola prosperity was at an end. They were not the same team that only a week or so before had downed this same aggregation. This was the turning point in their string of victories and only once did that old form raise its head. The severest blow, however, was yet to come. One game remained to be played, even a tie would give us the coveted title. But St. Leo's also had a little avenging to do and for their own good they picked the right time and nosed out Loyola in the final game of the league to create a three-cornered tie for league leadership. It was a ragged affair. Loyola were disorganized. They seemed to have forgotten everything they had learned, someone went so far as to say that they



had forgotten how to skate or else they never really learned how. St. Leo's by cautious and careful play walked off with a 2-1 victory and another chance at the title. Loyola had slipped from their old form and only once in the next four games did they display any of that old brilliance that made them look like a real championship squad at the beginning of the season. The first game of the play-off series was of no particular interest except for the fact that Loyola carried a two goal deficit into the second game. Gendron replaced Brown in the Loyola nets, but a high fever is not exactly what tends to good goal keeping with the result that Loyola found herself at the short end of a 5-3 score. "C.H.S win over Loyola by 5-3, take lead in start of Interscholastic hockey semi-finals." Facing a two-goal deficit Loyola were definitely the underdogs in the second game of this series. C.H.S. took the series for granted and only appeared at Loyola to fill in the second game of the series. Facing a two-goal deficit was like taking on the Montreal Royals for the Juniors. Ten seconds after the start of the game O'Connor placed the puck on the end of O'Neill's stick and Jack did the rest. But a few minutes later C.H.S. tied it up and that is how the period ended with both teams sharing the play. Thirteen scoreless minutes of the second period did not raise the hopes of the Loyola cause, but then something happened and in the next minute and a half, F. Langan, O'Neill, and Kohler each dented the twine to put our Juniors ahead on the series. But again C.H.S. applied the pressure and tied things up all around again. Fifteen seconds later, E. Langan came through with the goal that was to decide the semi-finals. "Loyola Tops C.H.S. 5-2." From then on C.H.S. were not even in the game. Coleman in C.H.S. nets was really rattled for the first time in his career. We doubt if a goal-keeper has ever been hit with quite so much rubber in so short a time in annals of hockey history. Loyola spark certainly flared up in this game, but as it cooled it went out and was never to be rekindled in the final play-off games. A different team entirely seemed to take part in the St. Leo's series. We had gone stale and lost most of the old fight. The semi-finals both went to our heads and robbed us of all our reserve strength. Malone was handicapped with a hip injury which interfered with his general good play. The Langan twins were ailing. Kohler, O'Neill and company were definitely stale. O'Connor was the only one to show any consistent life and ability in the final two games. Loyola let the first game slip through her fingers by her own carelessness. Two minutes remained in the game with the score 3-2 in our favour then in ten seconds St. Leo's scored the tieing goal and ten seconds later they rammed in the winner to carry off the honours in the first game. "St. Leo's Juniors beat Loyola 4-3." In the second game we had to gamble a great deal and take quite a few chances while St. Leo's could play a very cautious and close game. We were caught short on three different occasions and each time cost us a goal. The Juniors were definitely off and played their poorest hockey of their career. Championship play was too much for them. It was a little too strenuous for their carefree natures. It is alright to win if it is not too inconvenient, but condition and so forth were a little too exacting so another campaign ended disastrously when it might have ended in a blaze of glory. "St. Leo's Win over Loyola 4-1; gains Interscholastic hockey crown by 8-4 on round score.

Even though we did not win the title, we may boast of a somewhat successful season. We had all our breaks in the beginning and took advantage of them. We did have some sort of a record in winning six straight games which was sufficient any other year to win the trophy. Leaping the semifinal hurdle was a bit of a herculean task that is worthy of great praise. However, we seem to be a Dutch uncle to St. Leo's for we were responsible for their winning the title two years in a row. We must admit, however, that they were better than we were in the final as the score indicates and the old war cry arises, "Wait till next year."

It might be no harm to look at the Juniors in review before we close this brief account of the exploits of great but erratic little men. Our Captain Jimmy O'Connor was our most consistent Junior all year. His tireless energy and steady play made him outstanding on the team. He proved to be a goal getter and a playmaker, a combination that makes for success in any player. In actual league and play-off games he had the most assists and second in goal getting. Malone showed the most improvement during the season. If that hip had healed properly, he would have been a different man in the home stretch. He also could score goals as he leads all others on the team and is not far behind in assists. O'Neill and Kohler developed rapidly and show great promise. They are both strong skaters and can score goals. Both of them will certainly see service with the Seniors at some future date. Competitive hockey is too serious a business for our famous twins. Fun for fun's sake is their motto, not exactly the attitude that produces stars even in Junior company. Both Ed. and Fr. Langan have good shots. They are rugged players, but they failed to develop their natural abilities during the season. Poor health towards the end of the season rendered them a little ineffective. Al. Brown is a good goal-keeper, but is lacking in enthusiasm for that thankless job. If one needs spirit, it is when he is between the posts. Gendron has all kinds of ability, a good eye, fast in movement, but bad health has deprived him of the pleasure of realizing an ambition to become a great goal-keeper. Bill



McCarney is without a doubt the most loyal of Juniors. We doubt if anyone has surpassed Bill in spirit and devotion to the team. Being small and slightly built, he is greatly handicapped in the rough and tumble game of today. With a few extra pounds and an inch or two in height he will be a hard man to keep off that left wing position. Next to Malone, Ed. Meagher has shown the most general improvement this year. He has just completed his first year in organized hockey and displays plenty of ability. He is big, strong and fearless, three qualities of a star defenceman. With a little more experience he will be a hard man to stop. Wickham is steady, big and tough; when his skating improves a little he will be able to use that weight of his to the best advantage and will immediately become a candidate for the Canadiens' negotiation list. Last but not least we come to Jackie McEachern. He is a smart player, moves quickly and is always on the job. His greatest fault is his periodic lapses into carelessness. He was certainly the mainstay and steadying influence for Meagher and Wickham in some of the crucial games. We leave our genial and devoted manager to grace the authorship of this somewhat brief review of our Junior Hockey Team, and from this we may draw a sufficient and adequate impression of his loyalty. The line up:

GoalBrown and GendronDefenceMeagher Ed., Wickham Pat., McEachernCenterO'Connor, MaloneLeft WingsLangan F., McCarney, O'NeillRight WingsLangan E., Kohler, Driscoll

Frank Porteous, H.S., '41, Manager.

BANTAM HOCKEY

Hockey League Trophy, we are justly proud of "the all out effort" that our youngest team made in defence of their laurels. Rivalling the prowess of our senior sextets, Mr. Toppings' Tots had to be content with second place in league standing. Yet, nothing was left to chance.

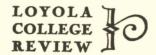
Practices began at the Lachine Arena in early November. Nearly fifty enthusiastic newcomers were out to make a position on the squad. Only Owen Maloney and Don Bussière were left from Pete Shaughnessy's championship roster. First problem was to provide the strongest possible last line of defence. Two cool capable youngsters, Ron Sutherland and Bernie Doyle received goalie assignments.

Worries about suitable protection for net custodians were cast aside when Captain Bob Boyle, Johnny Meagher and Jack Callaghan commenced to split attacks wide open and to make rushes from end to end that proved veritable nightmares for our opponents. As the season progressed, Bernie Doyle moved out to defence and his strong body checking made opposing forwards appear timid.

The forward lines were not chosen easily. Bob Sutherland finally gained a place on the first line by turning in some sparkling efforts along the right boards. Bob fitted into the Maloney-Bussière veteran combination and it was a treat to watch these three zip the puck from one to the other and then into the net. Play maker Jimmy Leahy together with two speed merchants Guy Melançon and Warren Tremblay gave the team a strong second line. Allan Cochrane, a late comer from Ontario, was added to the roster after some games were played and he showed by his general aggressiveness that much may be expected from him in the future. Elmer McNamara another utility man gave some very pleasing performances both back on the defence and up on the forward line.

The campaign opened against Brébeuf in mid-December. This first game was an index of what was to be expected. Playing away from home against a highly-rated, much-experienced team, the Bantams took both the bows and the curtain raiser. Good clever passing when caught behind their own blue line, effective back checking by the second forward line and a smooth passing attack by Maloney, Bussière and Sutherland gave us our first win by the score of four to three.

St. Thomas Aquinas was our next victim. In our third game against Catholic High we tasted defeat at the Forum. Extra attention was centered upon young Howie Morenz, Jr. with the result



that Petit, who ended up the season as a junior league star, slipped away and rammed in four goals. In what was probably our best game, we then defeated Daniel O'Connell by the close margin of two to one. The French boys from Brébeuf locked horns with us on our home ice to be turned back again with the lean side of a four to three score.

Then careful preparation began for the important return game with the Black and White team. No one who saw the battle will forget how our team came from behind to score two goals and tie up the score, only to be beaten by a strong last second rush of Petit. In this crucial contest Owen Maloney gave every promise of becoming a second Paul Haynes. While Owen and Donnie played like Trojans up front, Johnny Meagher fought like a tiger on defence.

The Xavier Apostolate Night at the Forum saw us do battle with St. Leo's for the Canon Heffernan trophy. Fighting with the odds and score against us, we managed to take the lead and then experience told. Out to increase our margin of victory our strategy back fired. We were caught up the ice and the winning goal was scored by our friendly opponents with less than thirty seconds to play.

Other games were played in which we were victorious. The improvement shown by everyone as the season progressed was heartening and promises well for future campaings. Here are the players and their record:—

Ron Sutherland Bob Boyle John Meagher Owen Maloney Don Bussière Bob Sutherland	Goal Defence Defence Centre Left Wing Right Wing	Bernie Doyle Johnny Callaghan Elmer McNamara Jimmy Leahy Guy Melançon Warren Tremblay	
	RECORD		
Brébeuf. St. Thomas Aquinas. Catholic High. Daniel O'Connell Brébeuf. Catholic High. Daniel O'Connell St. Leo's. St. Thomas Aquinas. St. Ignatius.	3 1 6 1 3 3 1 3 3	LOYOLA	4 4 2 4 2 1 2 1 7
Opponents		LOYOLA	31

HIGH SCHOOL INTRA-MURAL HOCKEY

GAIN this year's inter-class High School hockey was the most avidly contested schedules of the year's inter-class athletic program. In previous years the finish of the schedule has generally found one or other of the Senior High classes the winner of the shield. This year the tide turned. Third High B realized the ambitions of the junior classmen to dethrone the oft-winning seniors. And after disposing of all opposition in the senior circuit, the Third High team won easily over the First High A team, junior section winners. The sudden-death game, which ended Third High B- 3; First High A- 0; named the senior section winners intra-mural hockey champions for 1941.

Games in both sections were contested in a fashion never before exhibited in intra-mural clashes. The fighting way, in which Fourth High B went down to defeat,—the sparkling play of First High A, will be stand-out memories in the minds of the games' faithful followers, who were not a few.



In the senior section it seemed as if the Fourth High teams would again fight it out for the championship. But a dark horse appeared in the sterling play of Third High B. These hockeyists won successive victories over the expectant graduates to take the league lead, which they never relinquished. Fourth High A, then, dropped out of the running altogether. Their senior class colleagues continued to fight valiantly to recapture the leadership and uphold Senior High prestige. Their efforts proved futile.

First High A topped all opponents in the junior section. A glance at the team standing will show how handily the yearlings walked off with the laurels. Out of six games played, the First High sextet won five. Their lone loss came in their opening game against Second High B. The two Second High teams finished runner-up to the champions, each team winning two games, losing two, and two others ending in a tie.

Though the potential laurel-winners recovered magnificently from their trouncing by Second High B in the season's opener, the second encounter with their bigger class men saw them a bit nervous. After all, the previous game saw them on the short end of a nine to one count. But one will readily see how little the pre-game nervousness hampered the freshmen, since they won quite decisively by a three to one score. By this win, too, First High A clinched the championship. There was one game remaining to be played against Second High A. One could hardly believe, seeing the furious style of play of the Second High in that game, that the championship had already been settled. The First High men just eked out a victory over their hard driving opponents.

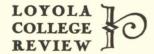
The result of the play-off game between the winners of both sections has already been told. The junior section was represented by a classy outfit, with real goal-getters in their front linemen, C. Brown, A. Brown, and Ron Sutherland. In the sudden-death game against Third High B, these freshmen played their usual fast moving game. Their size, however, handicapped them against their bigger opponents, who managed to cage three goals, while shutting out the First High men.

SKIING 1941

Paul Dandurand trophy has come to rest and we hope permanently. Emblematic of skiing supremacy it now rests along with Loyola's other souvenirs of victory in the High School parlour. All things considered, I think we had a highly successful season. A great deal of the credit for this should go to the L.C.A.A. for its wholehearted support of this sport, and in particular to Fr. McCarthy, the moderator, for the fine job he did in organizing and officiating at the College and High School meets. While we are in this grateful mood, we should not neglect those unsung heroes like Dave Asselin and John Brayley who froze their hands and feet acting as officials so that the rest could enjoy themselves racing.

Here is a brief review of the season from a competitive standpoint. Paul Limoges is the College champ and Bob Swinton is our number one High School skier. They won these honours at the annual college ski-day at St. Sauveur on Shrove Tuesday. The race was limited to two trips down a giant slalom course on Hill 71. While we are on the inter-mural angle, we should not forget that Jules Stachiewicz was a surprise winner of the High School cross-country race. Another dark-horse was Phil Ready who ran a close second in this event.

The highlight of the season was the winning of the Catholic Interscholastic championships. Though all Loyola skiers turned in fine efforts, the following deserve special mention for their superlative performance. Tom McKenna, our amiable L.C.A.A. president, was the hero of the day by winning the aggregate trophy, and was besides elected president of the Ski Union. Loyola not only won the championship, but also took over the Ski Union. Another of those ubiquitous McKenna's was the only Loyola man to take a first in any event. Emmett took the cross-country in a walk, being three minutes ahead of his nearest rival. Bob Swinton, by his steady showing, was a big factor in Loyola's success. In the slalom he placed 6th and in the cross-country 6th. Hailing from St. Leo's, who were, no doubt sorry to lose the services of their finest skier, Pete Graham continued his daredevil blasting of downhills runs under Loyola colours. John McDougall, who performed the task of ski manager, was right behind Tom McKenna in the aggregate. His story is a fifth in cross-country,



a fourth in jumping and a fifth in slalom. Paul Paré, no longer in our midst, turned in fifth in jumping. Well, that completes the round-up of the Catholic meet.

The other great competition was the first staging of the Protestant-Catholic meet. Emmett McKenna was our standout performer, with a third in jumping and a seventh in the downhill. Again he was one of the few to stay on the cross-country course. Martin Kierans was the steadiest man on the team. He will be lost to us this year by graduation. Somewhat to everybody's surprise, Loyola came out second, beaten for first by Westhill. With the experience gained this year we can look forward to a better chance of victory next year.

But Loyola skiers did not confine their efforts to Interscholastic competitions. If anyone glanced through the results of such meets as the Mt. Baldy, Taschereau, Ste. Adele and so forth, he would note the names of Loyola men high on the lists.

Skiing was raised to the dignity of major sport for the first time at the end of this season. Just what this will mean in the constantly changing sporting set up we don't know. Letters may be awarded next year, but this is not by any means definite. Crests were awarded this year, which was a very generous gesture by the school. Certainly this was not expected at the beginning of the season.

As we put away our skis for the summer, we can certainly look forward to another successful season in 1942.

BOXING

midst this Spring again to coach our boxers. Back with his famous fighting spirit which drove four Loyola mittmen to win City titles last year. Babe is the man who between 1930 and 1939, set one of the most enviable records to which any lightweight could aspire. During his colorful ring career, our Coach, Mr. McLeod, picked up no less than 16 championships all told. In his impressive string, Babe has the Olympic Lightweight crown of 1936 and in the same year he also won the National title in Boston. The following year he turned professional and made his debut by clinching the Provincial laurels. In 1938 Babe travelled East and won the Junior Welterweight Championship of the Maritimes. Here, fistic fans, is the spectacular record of our popular mitt mentor. In all of his 385 amateur fights, Champion McLeod dropped only 19 bouts, while in his Professional career of 45 encounters he lost only 4. Impressive? Well, figure it out for yourself. We are very grateful to Loyola's renowned boxing coach and we hope that we may see Babe instructing our future white hopes for a long time to come.

Cesar Aldaya, genial manager of the manly art in these precincts, deserves much credit for the yeoman services that he rendered in promoting this sport. Cesar is a born Mike Jacobs and all who know him feel sure that he knows how to handle men. Drury Allen, the Brooklyn Bomber, proved a very capable assistant-manager and we are looking forward to his accomplishing greater feats next year.

Our School Boxing Championships were held on Sunday, May 11th, and eleven of our class of fifty boxers were crowned Loyola Champions. Here is how the Montreal Star reported the fights in the following day's paper:

"KIERANS KEEPS HEAVYWEIGHT BOXING CROWN" OUTPOINTS PAUL SHEEHAN—KNOCKOUTS FEATURE LOYOLA MEET

"Loyola College mittmen meant business yesterday afternoon when they staged their annual leather swinging fiesta before 500 yelling fans. Four clean knockouts and three technical K.O.'s testify to their earnestness. Kevin Kierans won both the Maroon Heavyweight title and copped the trophy as the best boxer.

Only five champions managed to retain their titles when dusk had fallen over the environs of the Loyola Stadium. Those successful were Brian Danaher, who won two close decisions over the Sutherland brothers.

Paul Thompson hung on to his Featherweight crown in decisive fashion putting away Gerald Kelly in the first round and then defeated Al. Brown in his second bout of the afternoon on a close decision.



Inspired by the successful efforts of his twin brother to hang on to the coveted title, Malcolm Thompson for the second year running grabbed off the Junior Flyweight laurels by a k.o. in the second round.

Armando Colmenares put away Joe Sheen in the first round and then went on to take a decision from Jim Daley. Rod Dungan who won his semi-final bout in this class was forced to default on doctor's advice.

Kevin Kierans had a busy time with Tom Connors and Paul Sheehan, but took decisions from both to win the Heavyweight Championship for the second straight year."

Twenty-four of our boxers participated in the Monster Physical Fitness Show held at the Forum on April 4th, in which athletes from the city's leading schools, both Catholic and Protestant, competed.

The fandom of the metropolis of Montreal was delighted with the ability and fighting spirit of Coach McLeod's Maroon aggregation. A challenge was issued to Regiopolis College, Kingston, as our boys felt confident that they could add the Limestone City's laurels to what they had won, but the latter team declined.

Father G. Raymond Sutton, S.J., (Athletic Director) presented the following Loyola 1941 Boxing Champions with crests and trophies:

Pepperweight George Molina
90 lbs. Brian Danaher
Junior Flyweight Malcolm Thompson
Flyweight Paul Thompson
Junior Featherweight Gerald McDonough

Featherweight John Lally Lightweight Armando C

Lightweight Armando Colmenares
Junior Welterweight Frank Davis
Welterweight Hugh Gagnier
Middleweight Patrick Wickham
Heavyweight Kevin Kierans

Those who successfully defended their crowns for the second straight year:—

90 lbs.

Junior Flyweight

Flyweight

Lightweight

Heavyweight

BRIAN DANAHER

MALCOLM THOMPSON

PAUL THOMPSON

ARMANDO COLMENARES

KEVIN KIERANS

Heavyweight Kevin Kierans
Trophy Awards: Bantam Cup
Best boxer: Kevin Kierans
Heavyweight
Heavyweight

TRACK

RACK has come back again to its proper status at the College. This academic year witnessed remarkable proof that our "sprint and stride artists" are determined to equal and even surpass our greatest accomplishments along the cinder paths. Stimulating this renewed interest in the most ancient of sports is our new track and field coach Mr. Lester T. Carroll, S.J.

Early spring produced evidence that Maroon and White trackmen ranked with the best in the city. Participating in the Physical Fitness Display at the Forum, Peter Shaughnessy, Carlos Tabio, Frank Londono and Robert Swinton won the indoor relay championship of the city. This was but a harbinger of more important things to come.



Later twelve men were chosen to represent Loyola at the Interscholastic Dominion Track Championships held at McGill on May twenty-fourth. This marked our definite return to extra-mural track competition after a lapse of almost ten years. The results of this important meet were most

gratifying.

We gained a third place among the forty city High Schools competing and a fifth among all the schools in Eastern Canada. With the experience gained this year, Mr. Carroll holds high hopes of

attaining even better results next year.

Our Junior Team composed of Don Bussière, Mickey Carrière, Jimmy Fonseca and Freddie Mateu, was our leading point getter. These speed merchants earned nineteen (19) of our thirty-two points. Don Bussière following his father's and uncle's famous footsteps was an outstanding runner for Loyola. He alone brought home a Dominion title to the College. Donnie now holds the 120 yard Junior Hurdle Championship of Canada.

The Intermediate squad was made up of Frank Fonseca, Augusto Molina, Joe Tous and Frank Higgins. Unfortunately an accident in practice just prior to the meet deprived us of the services of Higgins. However, Frank Fonseca, slim rangy New Yorker, managed to salvage some ten points for

us in this division.

The Varsity team didn't fare too well. Peter Shaughnessy and Gerry Gallagher managed to count in the high jump and pole vault, but the rest of the squad succumbed to the greater experience and speed of their faster opposition. Bob Swinton and Pat Devaux performed admirably and more should be heard from these Warriors next spring.

The Montreal Star reports our Thirty-Third Annual Meet in the June second edition as follows:

"Shaughnessy Retains Loyola Track Crown for Third Year."

"Tops Seniors-Fonseca Brothers Brilliant.

"Nine records were smashed and one equalled in the 33rd Annual Field Day on Loyola Campus. The feature of the day's activities was the five star performance of Pete Shaughnessy in capturing the President's trophy for the third straight year.

'Shaughnessy had little trouble in retaining the honors as he snatched three firsts and finished

second in another event to get a strangle-hold on the silverware."

"Frank Fonseca made almost a clean sweep of Intermediate events by grabbing off five firsts in his division. The junior crown went to Don Bussière while Jimmy Fonseca emulating his big brother annexed the Bantam title"

"Pete Shaughnessy scored wins in the century, 120 yard hurdles, and high jump. With a second

in the broad jump, the seventh of the Shags to perform for Loyola piled up a total of 18 points."

"Big Pete maintained that the third time was "luck", but the records show he held a clear three point margin over his nearest rival Pat Devaux. While Shaughnessy failed to establish any new

records, he became the first student ever to hold the President's trophy three years running."

"Pat Devaux made the going tough for Pete, however, as he set up a new mark for the mile in addition to winning the 440 and 880 events. Gerry Gallagher set up a new Pole Vault mark when he cleared the bar at ten feet three inches, increasing the previous mark by four inches. Charlie Tabio

leaped 20 feet to equal the broad jump mark."

"Frank Fonseca, in capturing the Intermediate aggregate, bettered the high jump mark and took first place in the 100, 220, 100 yard hurdles and broad jump for a total of 25 points. The only other

event in this section was won by Augusto Molina of Mexico City who won the 440 in 1 min.

'Don Bussière had a hard time of it before winning the junior crown. Bussière won the 80 yard hurdles, set up a new mark in the broad jump with a leap of 17 feet 5 inches and placed in the 75, 220 and high jump. Mickey Carrière was close behind with victories in the 75 and 220. Larry Doherty bettered the junior high jump with a leap of four feet 103/4 inches.

Jimmy Fonseca had the Bantam Crown sewed up with wins in the 75, 220, 80 yard hurdles, high jump, baseball throw and shot put. The Mite title was won by John Lord who took both the

75 and 220 in this newly created division.'

By way of concluding our report on track activities at the College and as a refresher to interested Alumni, we quote in full an article taken from the Montreal Gazette for Thursday, June 5th, 1941.

"Around Loyola College they say a Shaughnessy never loses. He never loses anything worth

winning, that's certain, particularly in the matter of track championships.

"Last Saturday, for the third straight time, Peter took the President's Cup just as Philip had done before him in 1936, Laurie in 1931, and '32, and Quinn, the first of the family, in the year of the big market crash, 1929.

'In all, four Shaughnessys have won the same Loyola track title seven times with more from the same family still to be heard from. Frank Shaughnessy, Jr., was found around the school with Laurie and besides taking the junior title he dabbled in higher divisions. Jack and Ray presided in the latter



thirties with great capability on the gridiron and Paul, who is behind Peter at Loyola now, played senior football for the school last fall. One daughter in the clan, Katherine, probably would have done something equally notable at Loyola if girls were admitted to the College.

"According to Peter who has seen them all come and go, Quinn could have been the best trackman of the crew, but he graduated from High School at fifteen and College at 19. He was too young for his class although he could still take Monty Montabone (of a later Canadian Olympic team) in an occasional hurdles. Quinn is now in Washington with the Securities Exchange Commission."

"Laurie's long suit was the sprint, but, like all Shaughnessys, he could broad jump with skill when called upon. Philip, of 1936 vintage, had taken the Junior and Intermediate titles prior to his senior triumph, while Peter's supremacy over the past three years would probably go on without interruption, but he graduates this month."

"This means that young Paul will now get his chance, and, as the last in the long line of Shaughnessys, it is hoped he will finish out the string on a high note. Last Saturday he entered the senior shot-put and was disqualified for an illegal toss and so far he has not shown much inclination for sprinting, thereby causing some small consternation in the family."

"But Paul is only seventeen years old—and when the time comes he'll win. For after all he is a Shaughnessy."

THIRTY-SECOND ANNUAL FIELD DAY RESULTS 1940

Events First		Second	THIRD	Тіме	Record
		SENIOR DIVI	SION		
100 yards 220 yards 440 yards 120 yards Hurdles Broad Jump High Jump Class Relay	Shaughnessy Castonguay Castonguay Shaughnessy Shaughnessy Shaughnessy Third High "B"	Londono Londono Davis Swinton Cardenas Davis Fourth "A"	Swinton. Swinton. Dorval. Londono Tabio Kelley (Seasons). Third High "A"	10.6 24.1 57.4 15.0 18.7 4.11 3.57.4	10.2 New Record 56.3 14.4 20.0 5.2 New Record
	, ,	INTERMEDIATE		3. 3/. 1	New Record
100 yards 220 yards 440 yards 100 yards Hurdles Broad Jump High Jump Class Relay	Molina Shatilla Parker	Seasons Devaux (Molina) Devaux Devaux McEachern Fauteux Third "A"	Molina Seasons Seasons Colmenares, R Second "A"	11.1 25.6 55.5 14.8 17.6 4.11 1.48.4	10.4 24.2 New Record 13.0 18.6½ 5 ft. 1 in. 1.46.4
		JUNIOR DIVIS	SION		
75 yards. 220 yards 80 yards Hurdles Broad Jump. High Jump. Class Relay	Tous, J. McDonough, H. McDonough, H. Tous, J. Doherty. First "B"	McDonough, H	Carrière Carrière McCarney Carrière Ellard Second "A"	8.8 27.4 13.4 14.0 4.7 54.4	8.5 26.8 11.3 16.2½ 4.9 New Record
		OPEN EVEN	ITS		_
Pole Vault	Melançon, C	Kelley	Gallagher	9 ft. 2.12.8 5.50.2 35.1 84.4	New Record New Record 5.26 35.2 New Record



THIRTY-THIRD ANNUAL FIELD DAY RESULTS 1941

LOYOLA CAM	PUS	May Thirty-First, 1941			
EVENT	First	Second	Third	Time, Height Distance	Record
			SENIOR DIVISIO	ON	
100 yards 220 yards 440 yards 120 Hurdles	Shaughnessy Londono Devaux Shaughnessy	Tabio	Londono	10.5 24.6 57.1 16.3	10.2 Glen Ryan. 1931 24.1 Castonguay. 1940 55.3 P. Shaughnessy. 1936 14.4 W. Montabone. 1924 F. McCourt. 1935
Broad Jump High Jump	Tabio	Shaughnessy	Seasons	23.0 4.11½	20.0
Class Relay	Fourth "B"	Freshman	Second "B"	3.58.4	3.57.4 Third "B"1940
		INT	ERMEDIATE DIV	VISION	
100 yards	Fonseca, F	Molina, A Molina, A Thompson, M Molina, A Cochrane. Cochrane First "A"	Zambrano Colmenares, A McDonough, G. McDonough, H. Molina, A. Stachiewicz Second "B"	10.8 24.6 1 min. 14.0 17'12'' 5'34'' 1.50	10.4 F. McCourt. 1934 24.2 Castonguay 1938 55.5 Parker 1940 13.0 G. McGinnis 1931 18.6½ A. Wendling 1917 5 ft. 1 in Shaughnessy 1938 1.46.4 Second "B" 1939
			JUNIOR DIVISIO	NC	
75 yards	Carrière Carrière Bussière Bussière Doherty Second "A"	Bussière Bussière Carrière Doherty Bussière Second "B"	Sutherland Sutherland Sutherland Bonner Carrière First "A"	8.4 26.1 11.6 17.5 4.10 ³ / ₄ 57.0	New Record New Record 11.3 A. Molina1939 New Record New Record 54.4 First "B"1940
			OPEN EVENTS	3	
Pole Vault 880 yards Mile Shot Put Discus	Devaux Corrigan	Melançon Dansereau (Dansereau Emberg Aldaya, C Saldana, L	DavisLebrunLabine	10.3 2.19.3 5.23.4 32.1.5 70'9''	New Record 2.12.8 Castonguay
	nior—Shaughnessy	, Peter. Inter	AGGREGATE mediate—Fonseca, BANTAM DIVISI	F. Junior—	Bussière.
75 yards	Fonseca, J Girard, F Fonseca, J O'Neill Fonseca, J	Girard, F Girard, F Molina, G Pelton Pelton Pelton Pelton O'Neill	Pelton Barrière Pelton	9.2 29.4 13.1 13.1	9.0



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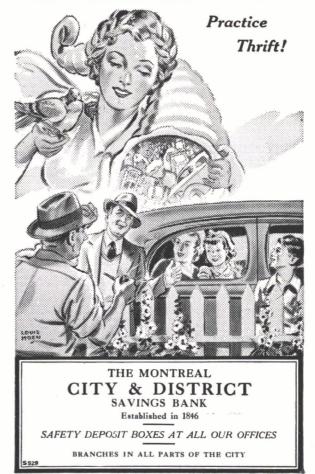
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